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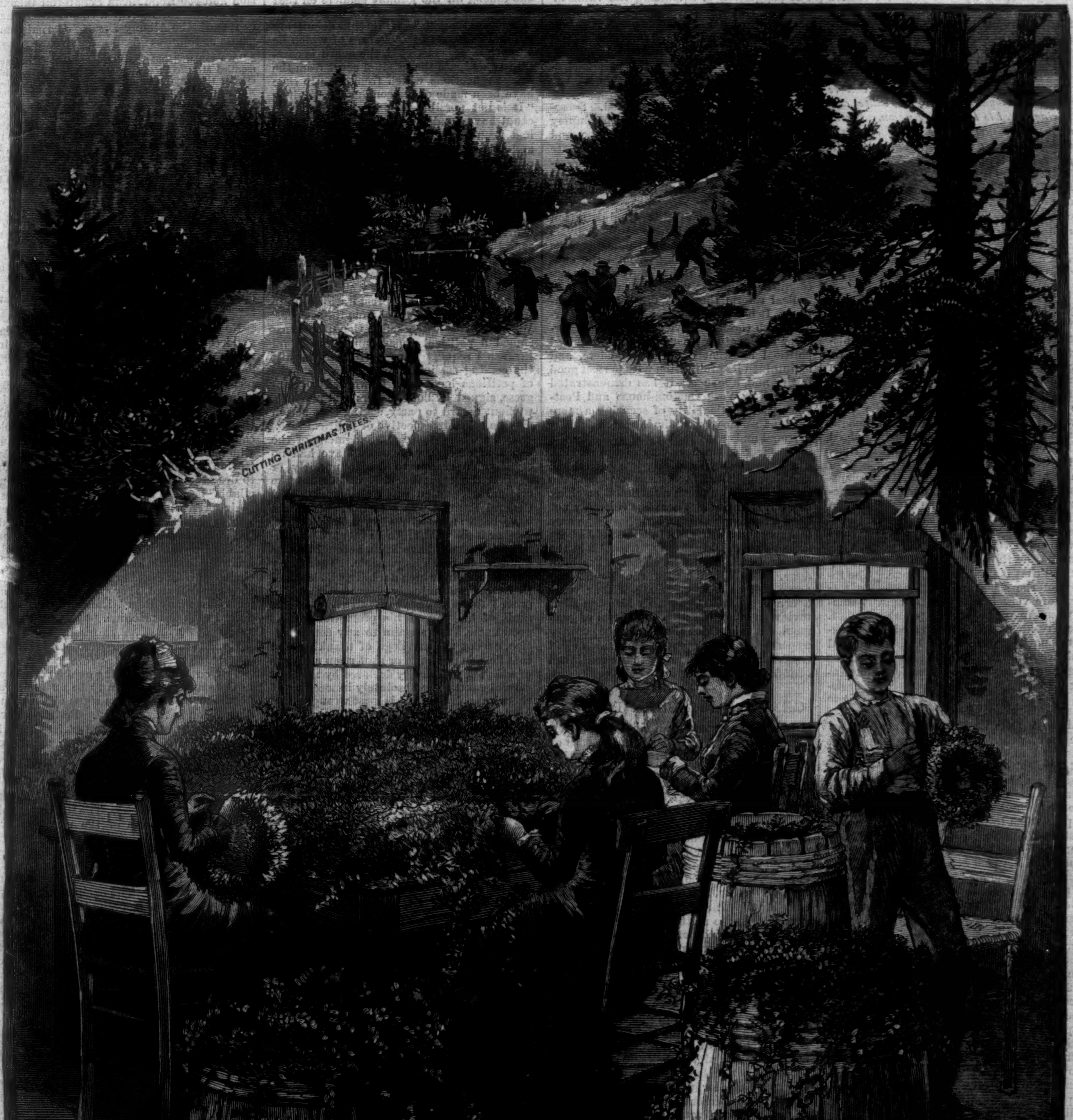

CUTTING CHRISTMAS TREES.

MAKING WREATHS.

PREPARING CHRISTMAS GREENS.—Drawn by T. De Thulstrup.—[See Page 831.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, December 25, 1880.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

An Illustrated Weekly—16 Pages.

No. 59 *of* Harper's Young People *opens with a capital story by* Mrs. Craik, *the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," entitled "My Sister's Grapes," illustrated. It also contains Chapter II. of "Toby Tyler," in which Toby forms his first friendship in the circus, illustrated; Chapter II. of "Mildred's Bargain," in which Mildred is offered the bargain that afterward causes her great trouble, illustrated*; *an "Information Card" on "Jack Frost," by* W. J. Rolfe, A.M.; *"How a Sailor Rode with the Czar," a forecastle yarn, by* David Ker, *illustrated; the description of a "Wonderful Railroad," over which princesses and bears ride together; a chapter on "Embroidery for Girls," in which a new, or rather a very old, stitch is described, and patterns given; a full page of Jingles, by* Louise Chandler Moulton, *illustrated by* Mrs. Jessie Curtis Shepherd; *and other attractions.*

YOUNG PEOPLE'S MERRY CHRISTMAS!

[Harper's Young People *No.* 60 *will be a special Christmas Number, the entire contents being suited to the holiday season. It will be inclosed in a new cover, and will contain a charming Christmas story, entitled "How It All Happened," by* Miss Alcott, *with illustrations by* Jessie Curtis Shepherd; *"When the Clock Struck Twelve," a play for Christmas-Eve, by* Edgar Fawcett; *a beautiful double-page Christmas picture by* Thomas Nast; *a Christmas Carol, set to music; and an abundance of other things to please and attract young readers.*

THE MESSAGE.

THE President's Message has been read with great interest, not only for the general good sense of its views, but as the last Message of a President whose administration will be always memorable for its purity, ability, and patriotism. It is an administration which, because of these qualities, has been of the greatest service to the Republican party, and was the most powerful influence in the election of General Garfield. A party in power is justly judged by its conduct of public affairs at the time, and it was observable during the campaign that all the Democratic criticism of Republican administration was aimed at transactions with which the Hayes administration had no concern. The criticism was, therefore, really a commendation of the party, and it was upon the record of the present administration that the country emphatically decided that it desired no change. The review of the situation by the President is therefore very interesting, because it summarizes the grounds of the popular verdict. The President was inaugurated under extraordinary circumstances. Irregularity and violence and fraud at the elections, with the vague and doubtful provisions for determining the result should vital questions be raised, had produced a situation in which there was a general conviction among the coolest and most patriotic citizens in all parts of the country that a common agreement must be found for a peaceful solution. Fortunately such an agreement was found to be possible and practicable, and the adjustment of the disputed election of 1876 was one of the most signal proofs of the power of patriotism in a republic over sullen and destructive party spirit. Happily the President justified the confidence that had been reposed in his comprehension of the situation. He surrounded himself with a cabinet of men whose personal and political character was the guarantee of firm, constitutional, and temperate administration. The event has so thoroughly vindicated the wisdom of its course that President Hayes, who was elected by an electoral majority of one vote, and with a Democratic plurality of 250,000 against the Republican party, is succeeded by General Garfield, with an electoral majority of fifty-nine votes and a Republican plurality of more than 3000. No retiring Administration could have had a more triumphant vote of confidence and approval from the country; nor could any Administration entering upon power be more impressively enlightened as to the general policy which the country approves.

The Message takes a wise and cheerful view of the Southern question. This has been treated with perfect fairness during the four years. But the Democratic course in the Southern States has exposed the hollowness of the assertion that the interests of justice and good order could be safely committed to Southern Democrats. The Administration has not abandoned any constitutional power in those States, but the Democrats have shown a contempt for the equal rights of citizens, which has changed its form only, not its spirit. Time, however, is the chief healer of such wrongs, and the Message recognizes that there is evident progress from repression by the shot-gun to cheating by the tissue ballot. The financial success of the administration has been also very great. We were told during the campaign that the Republicans did not make the great harvests, nor produce the European demand for our supplies. But statesmanship consists not in changing the order or beneficence of nature, but in turning circumstances that can not be controlled to the best account. It is no diminution of the praise of the Republican party and of the administration in resuming specie payments that it was possible to resume. To know how to take advantage of that possibility is statesmanship. To insist that resumption was impracticable, to encourage every financial craze, and not to turn circumstances to account, which was the Democratic policy, would have been want of statesmanship. The suggestion of equalizing the value of the gold and silver dollar is questionable, because it involves the attempt to maintain equality between two metals of fluctuating value. The Indian question has made remarkable progress under this administration. Public interest, knowledge of the facts, and demand for a humane and wise policy have been greatly increased. Secretary Schurz's visit to the Indian country was doubtless of the utmost service, and the recommendations of his report indicate the course which, sagaciously and energetically pursued, will solve the problem, and blot out the disgrace of our treatment of the Indians.

It is the praise of this Administration that while its action in regard to removals and appointments has been denounced as "a fraud," and as having covered the subject with ridicule, it has nevertheless accomplished infinitely more for a sound and radical reform than any other Administration. It has restrained legislative interference with the Executive; exposed the character of Senatorial usurpation; prohibited political assessment of office-holders, and maintained its prohibition with perfect good faith; and, above all, it has demonstrated at the New York Custom-house and Post-office the practicability of securing a more efficient service by methods which destroy personal and party jobbery, and restore the self-respect of the members of the service. The assertion that nothing has been done, and that political favoritism has made the Custom-house as much a factional machine as ever, is untrue. There has certainly not been a thorough reform, but those who care to know the truth know how much has been accomplished, and the only "fraud" is in the allegation that nothing effective has been done. The country and the Republican party will be very fortunate if four years hence President Garfield's Message shall review an administration so fruitful of good results as this, which shall leave the country as peaceful and prosperous, and which shall commend its party so justly to the continued confidence of the country.

GENERAL FITZ-JOHN PORTER.

In speaking some time since of the verdict of the board of revision in the case of General Fitz-John Porter, we said that "there was no reason that we knew to question the ability and sincerity of the original tribunal that convicted, although a judgment under such circumstances, however sincere, need not necessarily be accepted as conclusive, and General Porter's constant and earnest prayer that the case might be re-opened made a presumption in his favor, because, if guilty, he was really soliciting a cool, deliberate, and damning confirmation of infamy." Partisan feeling is wholly impertinent in the matter, because, if General Porter were guilty of the crime of which he was accused, he was not an offender against a party, but against the people. If guilty at all, he was guilty, as Benedict Arnold was guilty, of willfully betraying his country. But after the lapse of some sixteen years a revising board of officers of loyalty and patriotism as unquestioned as those of the original board, upon a most exhaustive and patient inquiry and sifting of evidence, decided that, instead of betraying, General Porter "saved the Union army from disaster." The present Congress took up his case at the President's instance, and after debate it was laid upon the table. There is no reason to suppose that a man who has so steadfastly pushed a matter involving such risks to himself will let it rest. Indeed, their own sense of justice and fair play should induce Republicans to move, and not to suffer the Democrats to make it a party question. But assuming that the matter will be pressed until it is finally settled, we recall the facts to the minds of our readers.

Early in 1867 General Grant wrote on General Porter's appeal to the President for a new trial: "If injustice has been done him by the findings of the court, resulting in a severe sentence, damaging to him professionally and otherwise, every opportunity which the law allows should be given to Mr. Porter to exculpate himself." General Garfield, who was a member of the original court, introduced the resolution in the House, calling for the appointment of a board of officers, to be convened for the purpose of rehearing the case. Of the board thus appointed General Sherman said, October 25, 1878, "I prefer not to sit in judgment on any of the parties, but believe I will accept as conclusive the action of this court of honor, composed, as it is, of such officers as Terry, Getty, and Schofield." After ten months of patient labor and careful study of the case, the board declared that "Porter's faithful, subordinate, and intelligent conduct saved the Union army from the defeat which would otherwise have resulted that day from the enemy's more speedy concentration"; and, later, "that not one among all the gallant soldiers on that bloody field was less deserving of such condemnation than he." While thus acquitting General Porter of the charges of which he was originally convicted, the board is careful to exculpate the original court from the severe reflections which from time to time have been made on its conclusions, saying: "It is not possible that any court-martial could have condemned such conduct, if it had been correctly understood. The time and circumstances of the trial, the ignorance of witnesses of facts inducing General Porter's acts, and the errors, now largely proved and generally confessed, as to facts, all necessarily tended to create erroneous impressions in the minds of the members of the court-martial." Having thus given its reasons, the board closes its report with the recommendation that the original sentence be set aside, and that General Porter be restored to the position of which the sentence deprived him, such restoration to date from that of his dismissal from the service." When the case came before Congress it assumed a political aspect, and by General Porter's request it was withdrawn until the coming session. Meanwhile hundreds of petitions have been forwarded to Congress, signed by both officers and privates, without regard to party, asking that action may be taken irrespective of political bias.

Those who, despite the judgment of the board of officers, who could have had no conceivable reason to decide unfairly or against the evidence, still insist that the original accusation was well founded, that General Porter was a traitor, and should have been summarily shot, will, of course, further insist that, since he was not punished as he should have been, he ought to be punished as much as possible. There may be some rule by which a soldier who is found to have been unjustly degraded and disgraced for sixteen years, deprived of his rank, of his pay, of his promotion, of his good name, has no claim to any compensation, except the privilege of thanking God that he was not hung or shot upon a charge of which he is formally declared by the most careful court to be absolutely innocent. If there be such a rule, it is most wrongful and un-American. Charged with the worst of military crimes, and cashiered, General Porter has been declared by a revisory board wholly innocent. If innocent, he has been most unjustly and cruelly punished for sixteen years. If Congress refuses him a restitution, which, if he be innocent, every sentiment of honor must declare to be justly his, Congress virtually re-affirms the original verdict. It is not a question of party feeling, but of national justice.

IRRECONCILABLES AND INDEPENDENTS.

The Republicans in New York who are known as machine Republicans assume to be especially the party. To differ from the machine, according to the Elmira *Advertiser*, is to be an "irreconcilable" and an "independent," as if the true test of Republicanism were to wear a collar, and to obey orders from a knot of gentlemen who control the State patronage. On the contrary, Republicans took their name from their "irreconcilability" to slavery of every kind; and "independence" of "boss" dictation has been proved to be the salvation of the Republican party. One of the machine managers recently said that "he didn't believe in reform: he believed in Republicanism." It would be hard to find a more ludicrous misconception of Republicanism. It is like saying, "I don't believe in equal rights: I believe in justice." In the same tone the Watkins *Express* remarks that it is "folly to imperil the future" by "a factional struggle within the party for the election of United States Senator." It is interesting to learn that the Watkins *Express* understands by "factional," difference with the machine. A United States Senator from New York is to be elected by Republicans. There are several eminent members of that party suggested in various parts of the State, many of whom would be most admirable representatives both of the State and of the party. "Come, come," exclaims the excellent Watkins *Express*, "don't be factional; don't be mentioning this or that candidate. Our duty is to know whom the machine wants, and support him. Not to do this is to be 'irreconcilable' and 'independent,' and a mischief-maker in the party. Is not the machine capable of selecting a proper candidate for us? What do we have a machine for? *De part le roi.* The machine wills it. It is factional to differ. Down, gentlemen; to your knees."

This is droll Republican talk; and that we may not seem to paraphrase the remarks of the excellent Watkins *Express* unjustly, we quote its words, and commend them to the Republicans of New York: "No man should assume to be a candidate who is not in full accord with the present State administration and the Republican Senatorial incumbent of the State." Upon this extraordinary remark the Albany *Evening Journal* comments as follows:

> "We can well imagine the anger that must have mantled Mr. Conkling's cheeks and flashed from his eyes at this expression of view from a quarter that was regarded as most hospitably inclined toward him, and which the public, which always is a hasty generalizer, would be apt to accept as reflecting his opinions. Mr. Conkling's wise friends recollect that he is the last man on the continent to contend that devotion to any Republican administration, State or national, is necessary to full fellowship in the party. He himself has freely exercised the right of having his own opinion in regard to the Hayes administration, and it is exquisitely illogical to represent him as holding that a candidacy for a seat in the United States Senate or any other recognition is rightly conditioned upon 'accord' with Governor Cornell's administration. To credit him with such an attitude is to accuse Mr. Conkling of being a man who would deny to the rest of the party a right which he claims for himself, or, in other words, is to present him to the gaze of his fellows as a leader who is a monument of unqualified selfishness. It is amazing that those who formulate or subscribe to this comical theory of 'accord' with the present State administration do not see this."

No journal in the State is more impartial and less to be accused of "factional" or "irreconcilable" tendencies than the *Evening Journal*, and its position is incontestably correct from any sound or recognized party point of view. If Republican allegiance in New York be due to Governor Cornell, all the more emphatically is it due in the whole country to President Hayes. Republicans who have sneered at the national Administration for four years are not in a position to describe other Republicans as "irreconcilable" because they do not wait to express their preferences for Senator until they know the pleasure of the machine. Indeed, Republicans who "assume" to have opinions before that pleasure is definitely made known will doubtless declare audibly their choice both for Speaker and for Senator. If they are defeated, they will have shown at least how many Republicans are not in full accord with the machine.

THE JEWS IN GERMANY.

The outbreak of feeling against the Jews in Germany would seem to be an anachronism, if we had not seen signs of the same disposition in this country. Petitions have been numerously signed to restrict the civil rights of the Hebrew population, and to repeal the laws which provide for its equality with the rest of the people. An association called the Anti-Semitic League has been formed, and there have been great public meetings hostile to the Jews. The Hebrew sepulchres in some parts of the country have been desecrated by mobs, and an eminent Lutheran clergyman, a court chaplain, supposed to be favored by the court, has openly denounced the Jews without reproof from the Consistorium. The excitement betrays itself in insults to Hebrews in public places, and the late debate upon the subject in the German Parliament was the most thronged and interesting debate for many years. There are some million and a half of Hebrews in Germany, and they have become so substantial and important an element of German life and society that a crusade against them contemplating their disability is an event of vital significance.

It is, indeed, the fact that they have become this important element of the population which stimulates the hostile movement. It is felt that a people who control enormous capital, who influence the trade and commercial relations of the empire, whose acuteness and ability give them command of the intellectual and æsthetic development of the country, are essentially aliens, with no natural or permanent interest in the community, and that as the Turks were said to be merely encamped in Europe, the Jews are but encamped in Germany. They fill the places, they carry off the prizes, they are becoming too powerful. The great landed estates are passing into their hands. They own the palaces in the towns. They are the merchant princes. They are the professors and judges and magistrates. In another generation, say the alarmists, if the laws remain unchanged, they will be the lords of the Teutons, and do what they will. Disraeli's "Asian mystery" re-appears. It is certainly one of the most striking spectacles of modern history: a great and proud people, still flushed with triumph after a vast war which humbled one of the ancient powers of Europe, and changed the European map—a war directed in the cabinet by the most renowned of modern statesmen, and led in the field by a most sagacious and famous soldier—recoiling with the apprehension that a shrewd alien people among its population should by essential superiority absorb the controlling national power.

For that is the root of the feeling. It is not concealed. Bismarck himself in his earlier years shared the apprehension, and expressed the hostility. But it will end probably in this wide-spread ebullition of feeling. Of the great multitude of Hebrew people in Germany, a large proportion are undoubtedly thoroughly Germanized. Germany is their home and that of their ancestors, and will be that of their children. If they are magistrates and governors, it is because they are found to be more capable. If they are great proprietors, it is because they are cleverer traders. If they are professors and authors and artists, it is because the Hebrew genius is not extinct. Germany will not go backward, and discredit her civilization with the wrongs of feudalism. The rule of modern times is freedom, and the tools to him who can use them. Bismarck could no longer be called the greatest of modern statesmen if under his sway Germany were forced to confess that upon its own soil, in its own pursuits, it could not compete under equal laws against an alien and homeless race.

THE CONTEST IN IRELAND.

"The tenantry on the Carnacally (County Down) estate of Thomas Quinn, of Belfast, have resolved to pay only Griffith's valuation on the next rent-day, pending the settlement of the land question."

"The tenants on the Beragh (County Down) estate of Mr. Heron, of Belfast, at a meeting held yesterday, resolved to pay their landlords at the rate of the Poor Law valuation."

"The tenantry on Lord Lurgan's estate, having in view their landlord's refusal to reduce rents, have decided to pay no rents for the present."

These extracts are from one day's reports from Ireland in the papers. Here is an extract from Mr. Parnell's late speech at Waterford: "We have 10,000 landlords with 500,000 dependencies arrayed against Ireland's self-government. If the remaining 5,000,000 souls combine, nothing can resist them......We declare that it is the duty of every Irishman to free his country if he can. ......We will work by constitutional means so long as it suits us to do so. We refuse to plunge this country into the horrors of civil war when she has not a chance." If she had a chance, he added, it would be the highest duty of every Irishman to give his life for his country.

These passages show how utterly hollow is the union between England and Ireland, and they reveal the tremendous task of English statesmen. The London *Spectator*, which six weeks ago deprecated coercion of any kind, now says that there must be a reconquest of Ireland, and since Mr. Parnell's "constitutional means" include "Boycotting," or excommunication of all opponents from food and fire and water, and refusal to pay rent, and harrying of those who agree to pay, it is evident that at any moment there may be a violent collision and a bloody catastrophe. The first duty of England is to ordain justice and to enforce order. Irishmen who are willing to pay the rent demanded are entitled to complete protection, whether Mr. Parnell thinks it a just rent or not. But the law should not permit what experience has proved to be cruel injustice in the relation of landlord and tenant. The English laws for Ireland have been at times inhuman and revolting to every honorable instinct. Those laws have been largely repealed and mitigated, but traces of the old wrong survive. If the representations of Messrs. Parnell and Dillon are correct, and the great mass of the Irish people are with them, and will refuse to pay rent, the situation is not one for the force of arms only, but the force of reason and good sense. England can not compel 5,000,000 of people to pay rent, but it can see whether their refusal is reasonable, and it can keep the peace.

The London correspondent of the *World* telegraphs that Mr. Gladstone's physicians warn him that he can not stand the storm of the approaching session, and that he will be made a peer, and leave the Irish debate to be conducted by others. It is, unhappily, possible that after his serious illness of last year Mr. Gladstone may be unequal to the strain of a prolonged political contest.

But it is not easy to believe that he will extinguish the great name of Gladstone in a title. There is no greater name among the Commons of England. Pym, Hampden, Somers, Walpole, Pitt, Canning, Peel, Cobden, Bright, Gladstone—these are names that could gain nothing from a title, although some of them received it. We still hope that Mr. Gladstone will be able to deal with the Irish question, and that his latest laurel will be the just pacification of Ireland.

A BEAUTIFUL HOLIDAY BOOK.

There have been many beautiful books published in this country, but none which is more unique than *Pastoral Days*, by W. Hamilton Gibson, just issued by the Harpers. It is a gallery of the most exquisite illustrations of the excellence to which wood-engraving has been carried in this country, combined with admirable literary sketches of an artist's shrewd and delicate observation of nature. Mr. Gibson walks out among the familiar or more secluded aspects of wood and field, and he brings back a volume of pictures which are so subtly rendered by the art—almost the new art—of wood-engraving, that we seem to look upon his mental impressions of the scenes depicted.

The softness and precision, the force and characteristic charm, of every scene, as reproduced in these engravings, are indescribable. There is a nameless grace in them, which, when they represent blossoms and green leaves, creates summer under the very ribs of winter, and when they touch the winter landscape, breathe the cordial and elixir of the pure north wind, and suffuse the page with the splendor of the snow.

The book treats the rural beauty of every season—spring, summer, autumn, and winter—each of which in turn the author felicitously characterizes as the awakening, the consummation, the waning, and the sleep of the year. It is, therefore, a companion for the twelvemonth, an interpreter of the House Beautiful of the natural world as we see it in America; and among the choice books of the year, and of the holiday season, none is of more permanent charm and various beauty than this of Mr. Gibson's *Pastoral Days*.

MR. CAMPBELL, OF WEST VIRGINIA.

The principal citizens of Wheeling, in West Virginia, have presented to Mr. A. W. Campbell, of the Wheeling *Intelligencer*, a picture representing the incident in the Chicago Convention with which his name is honorably identified. Mr. Campbell, it will be remembered, voted No upon Mr. Conkling's resolution binding every member to agree to support any nomination that might be made. Mr. Campbell said that he should undoubtedly support the nomination of the Convention, but that he should certainly not pledge himself in advance. Mr. Conkling then moved, in effect, that Mr. Campbell be expelled. But General Garfield interposed, and recalled the Convention to its manliness and self-respect. Mr. Conkling tried to escape from the position he had taken, by means of Senator Hoar, the president of the Convention. But Mr. Hoar quietly declined to be used for the purpose, and Mr. Conkling was compelled to withdraw the resolution.

In accepting the picture, Mr. Campbell said that he had found the true secret of editorial independence to lie in disconnecting his paper from any personal ambitions and schemes whatever, whether his own or those of others. His views are those of the most successful editors, and they express the secret of the power of great journals. Personal organs are not great journals.

At Chicago Mr. Campbell did a signal service for political manhood in this country. The party despotism which seeks to destroy honorable independence was never more conspicuously illustrated than at Chicago, and it was never more ignominiously overthrown.

THE BICKNELL RULE.

The counting of the Presidential vote by Congress is one of the most vitally important functions, and it should be regulated with great care and impartiality. The regulation should not be made by a joint rule, which requires only the assent of the two Houses, but it should be the subject of a well-considered law. Senator Edmunds has proposed such an act, perfectly non-partisan and reasonable, and it has been neglected for two reasons—the feeling in both parties that any action whatever might benefit the other party, and the disposition to take the chances.

The Republicans, who, according to Mr. Robeson, of New Jersey, took some hasty action after the war, adopted a joint rule which required, in effect, that the vote of every State should be counted as certified unless rejected by both Houses. This was the twenty-second joint rule, which has expired. The Democrats now propose that either House may throw out the certified vote of a State. This is in itself so manifestly unfair, and to attempt to adopt such important action without the Executive assent is so plainly a mere partisan movement, that the Republicans should resolutely prevent it if practicable.

But they should not oppose it upon the ground that the Constitution empowers the Vice-President to decide which is the lawful certificate from a State. It may be true, as Mr. Lapham says, that the person whom the Vice-President declares to be elected is the President. But that is very different from saying that the Vice-President by rejecting certificates may also decide who is elected. If Republicans refuse, and most properly, to allow one House of Congress alone to reject a certificate, they can not assert that it is the constitutional power of the presiding officer of one House alone. The excitement and the debates and votes of 1876 show conclusively that the party will not justify such a claim. The duty of the Vice-President is defined in the Constitution. But he is not made by that instrument the judge of disputed elections. For that emergency the Constitution makes no provision, and there is no duty of Congress more grave and urgent than to supply the omission. Let the Bicknell rule be opposed, but upon sound reasons.

A GOOD LISTENER.

General Garfield's little speech to the Ohio electors who called upon him at Mentor was very characteristic. During the campaign he has spoken frequently, but he has said nothing that his most nervous supporter would have wished him not to say, and he has shown the thorough self-command of a sagacious public man who is not obliged to hold his tongue lest he should say something foolish.

General Garfield's speech at Mentor will be closely scanned to detect some hint or sign of his policy. But it will be scanned in vain. He speaks of the majesty of the popular will constitutionally expressed, and of the solemnity of the mandate which that expression conveys. "I am awed by the majesty and authority of such a command," he says. "In so far as I can interpret the best aspirations and purposes of an august sovereign, I shall seek to realize them."

That is all. He will do his best to understand his duty. With whom he will consult he does not say. What he will probably think that duty to be he does not hint. There is the platform, indeed, but how he will interpret it there is no intimation. The new President can at least keep his own counsel. If during his late visit to Washington he took any important step, or said any significant word in regard to his Presidency, the newspapers did not get hold of it. He said that he should be an excellent listener for two months, and he has evidently a genius for listening.

MONSIEUR LESSEPS AGAIN.

M. Lesseps assures the Paris correspondent of the London *Times* that he has greater confidence in his Panama canal than in that of Suez. The German ambassador to France has congratulated M. Lesseps upon his financial success, and ex-Queen Isabella of Spain has invested largely in the stock. The subscriptions to the stock were lately opened simultaneously in Europe and America, and the friends of M. Lesseps anticipate that the American subscription will reach $5,000,000 immediately.

The President in his Message re-affirms the American traditional principle that any canal which is practically along our frontier must be controlled by this country. Such control would in no degree interfere with the free use and benefit of the canal for all other powers, while our immediate neighborhood, and the opportunity for hostile establishments offered by such an enterprise, obviously give us a precedence of interest.

If the amount of the foreign subscriptions should show that the work is likely to be undertaken under wholly foreign auspices, our government would naturally make representations and ask questions. There can be no parallel drawn with the case of the Suez Canal, and it is desirable, before any important committals of any kind are made, that our government should plainly announce the view that it would take of the enterprise, and what steps it might propose to sustain that view.

THE CAPTAIN-GENERALCY.

The obvious objections to the proposed private pension for the oldest ex-President has led to a change of methods, and it is understood that a sum is to be raised without further public appeal. As a tribute to the eminent military services of General Grant no movement could be more legitimate, but as a provision for the oldest ex-President it is undoubtedly very objectionable. Grateful and generous citizens may most properly do what they will to show their regard for individuals, as in the case of Cobden in England, and of Garrison in this country. But if the ex-Presidents of the United States are to be pensioned, it is plain that there should be no discrimination, and that the act should be national.

The President has proposed in his Message that Congress should authorize the appointment of General Grant as Captain-General of the Army, with due provision for compensation, retirement, and other details, and he says that he has no doubt of the warm approval of the country. Certainly, if Mr. Lincoln had left the Presidency without an adequate income, Congress would have proudly and gladly made provision, with the hearty assent of the country. The same feeling would approve such a provision in the case of General Grant; and if it should take the form proposed by the President, there would be no cavil, save upon the part of those who oppose any pension except for soldiers and sailors disabled in the public service. General McCook, of New York, has introduced a resolution in the House to place General Grant on the retired list of the army, with the rank and pay of General.

PERSONAL.

The New England Society of this city, at its annual festival to be held at Metropolitan Hall on the 22d inst., will be honored with a larger number of high official people than have attended any of its previous celebrations. President Hayes and President-elect Garfield have signified their intention to be present, as have one or two members of the cabinet. General Grant, General Sherman, Vice-President-elect Arthur, Senator Blaine, and other gentlemen of distinction will also be among the guests. Accommodations on a large scale have been made for the ladies, who will occupy boxes arranged for the occasion. In the *Illustrated London News* received by a late steamer, Mr. G. A. Sala, in his "Echoes of the Week," says: "I just looked at my last year's diary, and found that on the 22d December, 1879, I was a guest, with about two hundred others, at the annual festival of the New England Society, held at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York, on which occasion I was privileged to listen to some of the best after-dinner oratory that I ever heard in my life. When I say that the Hon. George W. Curtis (the editor of Harper's Weekly), Mr. Chauncey M. Depew, the Rev. Dr. Bellows (a great friend of Mr. Thackeray), General Sherman, Secretary Sherman, and General Horace Porter (the Bernal Osborne of America) spoke, you may imagine what an elocutionary treat I had among the New-Englanders, who, by-the-way, in the course of the evening, drank the toast of 'Old England' with tremendous enthusiasm."

—The Rev. Joseph Cook, of Boston, who is now travelling in Europe, has addressed the following pleasant letter to Professor Blaikie, author of the *Life of David Livingstone*, published in this country by the Harpers: "I feel enriched and ennobled by the possession of a copy of the *Personal Life of David Livingstone*. There is a divine spiritual aroma in the volume more precious than even Livingstone's discoveries themselves. I congratulate you on the high literary merit, the great religious interest, and the permanent usefulness of the noble biography you have given to the world of our day and to posterity."

—The handsome and handy volumes of Shakspeare, each play in a volume by itself, now in course of publication by Harper & Brothers, is warmly commended by the London *Academy*, which says: "Mr. Rolfe, or his publishers (Harper & Brothers), must have an eye to ladies' colleges and schools, from the pretty 'get-up' of these books; but Mr. Rolfe's notes are thoroughly business-like and scholarly, and admirably full, though concise."

—The Washington correspondent of the Troy *Times* was told this by an old resident of Washington, who knows something of the worldly means of General Garfield: "General Garfield possesses very little income outside of his salary as Congressman, which is $5000 a year, and a good part of that goes to pay the interest on money he has owed for ten years past. He possesses only the nominal ownership of the house in which he lives. He bought the ground at a low price, and a friend lent him the money to build the house. He pays the interest on this loan, and so has a home in his own name, for which he has to give but a nominal rent."

—The New York *Evening Express* of November 19 contains an appreciative notice of Mr. E. A. Abbey, whose artistic work in the December number of Harper's Magazine has attracted general attention. It says: "Abbey is steadily improving during his sojourn abroad. He seems to increase in the possession of quaint conceits, and a fluency of expression that gives peculiar value to his work, and these qualities were never shown better than in his Conway illustrations, and his full-page illustration of Herrick's 'To be Merry,' which is, as the publishers claim, one of the finest pictures that have ever appeared in the Magazine. Again he is seen to advantage in the illustrations to Rose Terry Cooke's characteristic New England story, 'Mrs. Flint's Married Experience.' Indeed, it is quite an Abbey number of the Magazine."

—The strikingly beautiful poems by two sisters, Miss Lillie and Miss Mary A. Barr, of this city, which have appeared in our columns, have attracted great attention, and have been copied by many of our exchanges. They have also commanded approval in England, and a remarkably fine one by Miss Lillie Barr, "The Plumes of Crécy," which was printed in Harper's Young People, has just been copied into a London reading book for schools, edited by Miss C. M. Yonge, author of *The Heir of Redcliffe*.

—The superiority of American wood-engraving to the English is frequently and cheerfully acknowledged by our transatlantic cousins. In recently noticing a London edition of Miss Virginia W. Johnson's fascinating *Catskill Fairies*, the *Athenæum* says: "This book is handsomely and not gaudily got up. The name implies an American origin, which is also testified by the superior execution of the wood-cuts."

—Signor Barbetti, of Florence, has carved a room for Baron Rothschild, of London—a fire-place and book-cases in pale oak and maple, the work executed with marvellous delicacy. Inside the arch of the fire-place are allegorical bass-reliefs, around the top of the mantel runs a foliated frieze, and it is crowned by two sleeping and two erect figures in darker oak than the rest of the intricate beauty appears in.

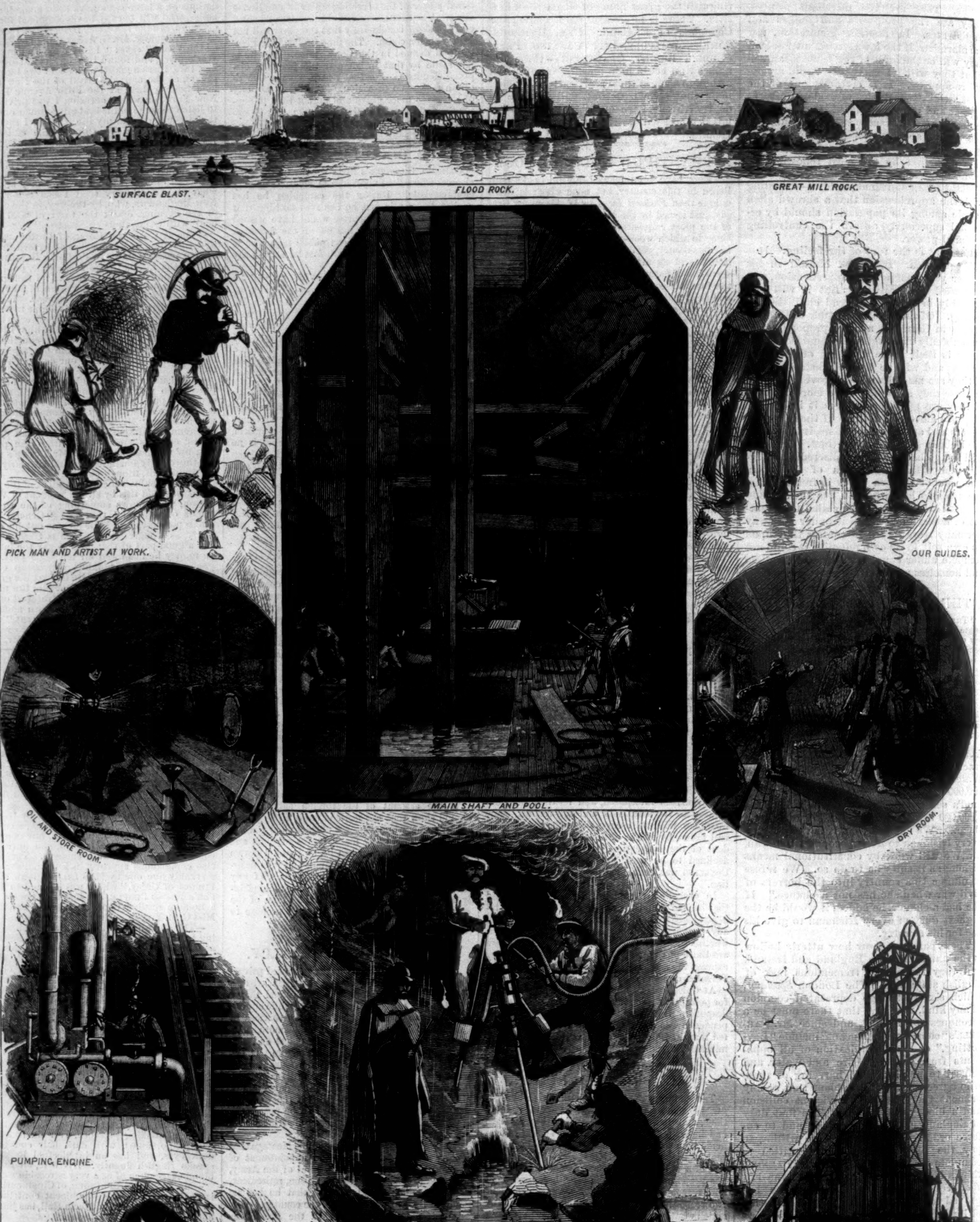
—Mr. Bartholomei, the new Minister from Russia, who has just arrived at Washington, is a man of striking presence, over six feet high, well-proportioned, with dark hair and beard, dark eyes, and has an intellectual look, and speaks English fluently. His wife, an English blonde, is spoken of as a very agreeable woman.

—Mr. Reuben E. Springer, of Cincinnati, who is well known for his munificent contribution to the foundation of the Music Hall, has just celebrated his eightieth birthday.

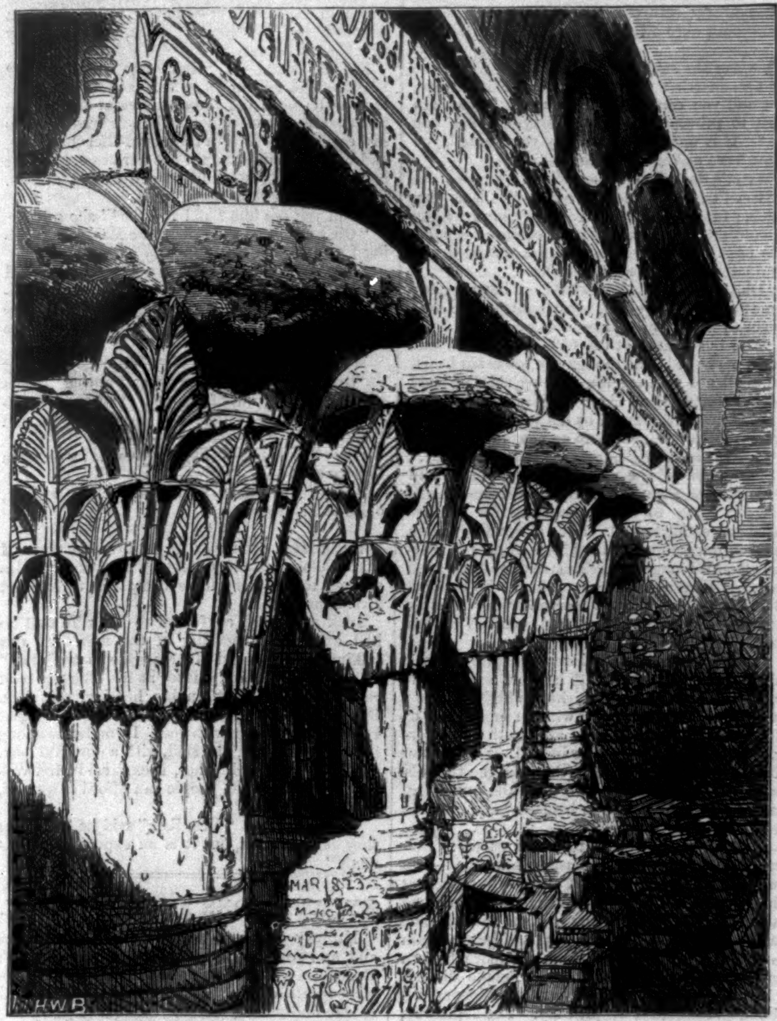
—The Rev. James Hartnett is emphatic in his mode of putting things. Recently, after addressing his congregation at Davidsville, Arkansas, on the duty of paying debts, he said, "So much for sentiment; the hard fact is that this church owes me five hundred dollars, and I shall never occupy this pulpit again until it is paid."

—Mr. Jennings telegraphs to the New York *World* that Mr. Gladstone has been told by his physician that it will no longer be safe for him to discharge the duties of the Premiership, and it is therefore probable that he will be elevated to the peerage, and find in the Upper House the same agreeable repose that has been found by his predecessor, Lord Beaconsfield.

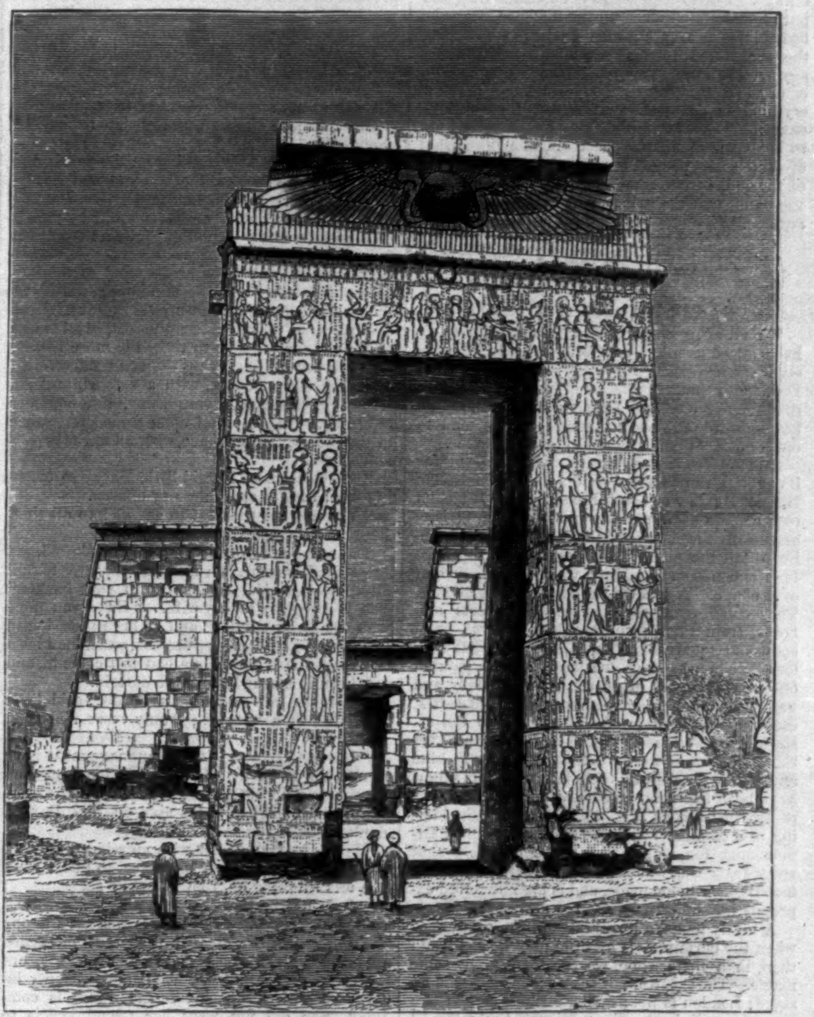
—Hiram Fuller, who died a few weeks ago in Paris, where he had resided for many years, was formerly a well-known character in New York. He was always a newspaper man, either as editor, correspondent, or contributor, and possessed readiness, ability, and wit. During the rebellion he went all wrong, and out-Heroded Herod in his devotion and advocacy of the Southern side. Latterly his health was infirm, and he took a very sombre view of things. He had many fine qualities, and was noted for stanch devotion to his friends.


SURFACE BLAST.
FLOOD ROCK.
GREAT MILL ROCK.
PICK MAN AND ARTIST AT WORK.
OUR GUIDES.
OIL AND STORE ROOM.
MAIN SHAFT AND POOL.
DRY ROOM.
PUMPING ENGINE.
DRILLING 30 FEET UNDER THE RIVER.
J.O.DAVIDSON.
MULE CAR AND DRIVER.
FIRING THE BLASTS.
ELEVATOR AND SHOOT.

THE EXCAVATIONS UNDER FLOOD ROCK, HELL GATE.—Drawn by J. O. Davidson.—[See Page 826.]



CAPITALS AND ARCHITRAVE OF THE TEMPLE AT ESNEH.



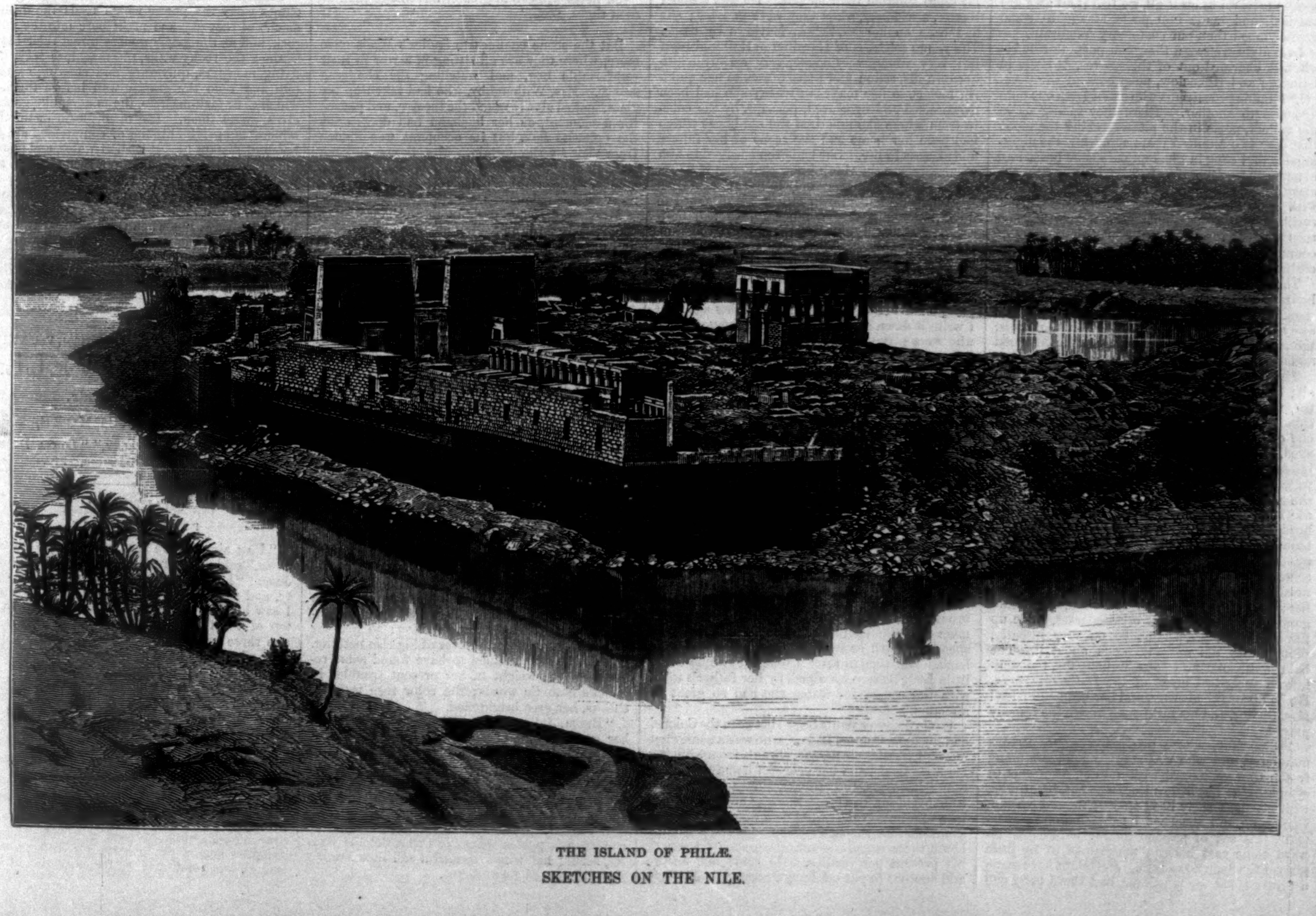
PYLONS AT KARNAK.

SCENES ON THE NILE.

THE grand temple at Esneh is neither ruined nor defaced, but it stands almost buried in the accumulated rubbish of a score of centuries. The portion shown in our illustration is the portico of the structure. The spectator stands under a row of huge capitals, supported by columns whose bases are buried beneath his feet. The ponderous cornice juts out a little above his head. A high mud wall runs parallel to the whole width of the façade, leaving a passage of about twelve feet in breadth between the two. From an opening between two of the capitals a flight of brick steps leads down into a vast hall so far below the surface of the outer world, so gloomy, so awful, that it might, to an excited imagination, be the portico of Hades.

Of the splendid pylons shown in our second illustration, a recent traveller on the Nile writes that they stand like the "magnificence of a splendid prologue to a poem of which only garbled fragments remain. Beyond that entrance lies a smoky, filthy, intricate labyrinth of lanes and passages. Mud hovels, mud pigeon towers, mud yards, and a mud mosque cluster like wasps' nests in and about the ruins. Architraves sculptured with royal titles support the roofs of squalid cabins. Stately capitals peep out from the midst of sheds in which buffaloes, camels, donkeys, dogs, and human beings herd together in unsavory fellowship. Cocks crow, hens cackle, pigeons coo, turkeys gobble, children swarm, women bake and gossip, and all the sordid routine of Arab life goes on, amid winding alleys that mask the colonnades and deface the inscriptions of the Pharaohs."

The island of Philæ lies in the Nile, above the First Cataract, close to the Nubian frontier, six miles from Assouan. Its length is only four hundred yards, but in this small extent are found some of the most magnificent remains of Egyptian architecture. They comprise four splendid temples, a long colonnade, and several obelisks. There are also a Roman triumphal arch and other interesting antiquities. The approach by water is most beautiful. Seen from the deck of a small boat, the island, with its palms, its colonnades, its pylons, seems to rise out of the river like a



THE ISLAND OF PHILÆ.

SKETCHES ON THE NILE.

mirage. Piled rocks frame it on either side, and purple mountains close up the distance. As the boat glides nearer between glistening bowlders, the sculptured towers rise higher and higher against the sky. They show few traces of ruin or of age. One forgets for the moment that everything is changed. "If a sound of antique chanting," says the author already quoted, "were to be borne along the quiet air, if a procession of white-robed priests, bearing aloft the veiled ark of the god, were to come sweeping round between the palms and the pylons, we should not think it strange."

AN EPISODE FROM A STAGE-BOX.

By ANNE THACKERAY RITCHIE.

We all of us know, or if we do not know, we have all of us heard of, Sadler's Wells Theatre, standing in regions very distant from the West End. But the great circles of iron have brought this mighty city into bounds, and it is possible nowadays to take one's pleasure or to attend to one's business half a dozen miles from home.

Sadler's Wells does not, however, depend for its audience upon the dwellers on the Capitoline Hills of Mayfair or South Kensington. It has its own life, its own interests and sympathies; it is essentially the theatre of the *Aventines*—a republic where the pit and the gallery rule supreme. It is a handsome building, well proportioned, of oval shape. A great stage fronts the audience. They come from the neighboring streets and roads, from their dwellings by the river, from suburban squares and busy roads. What Sadler's Wells was once we may still see painted on the curtain—a green rural place, shady and umbrageous, where hooped and powdered ladies, escorted by attentive gentlemen, trip to the restoring waters. If this were really a theatre for the *Aventines*, if we were Romans living in blue and yellow weather, this people's colosseum might have been left uninclosed and open to the stars of heaven; but as it is, we are English, shuddering in a familiar atmosphere of crape and half-mourning fog, and so the house is safely shut away from the winds and the weather, and the moonlight is home-made, and is manufactured expressly for the love scene.

A lovely moon, a lovely scene it is, as we find when the curtain rises and the play begins; and then, in a little while, we are touched by some magic. The theatre fades away; that stage is no stage; London is not; Sadler's Wells is not; two centuries roll back; the audience, the moon-lit tragedy, all are conveyed away from the present to a past of Shakspeare's creation, to Italy, to Verona, to the home of Juliet and of her lover.

Shakspeare, like Beethoven, works with a strange intimate charm, indescribable but unmistakable. As the people listen, all that they see and hear becomes their own, becomes themselves; their own secret told, their own feelings revealed. We never took poison, we never fought in the streets of Verona, we never conquered France; we never loved, hated, endured, philosophized, dreamed such dreams; never saw such sights in nature, never gathered such dewy flowers, as Shakspeare did, nor heard the birds sing as they sang to him; but, nevertheless, as he speaks to us we know it all, we feel it all; we are touched, and made into poets, strung to some greater mood than our customary humdrum.

Last night we saw a thousand poets utterly bewitched, charmed out of themselves, dwellers in Islington and Hounslow, neighbors of the "Angel," humble pedestrians who count from one public-house to another. There they sat—gods in the gallery, poets in the pit—watching the moon that rose two hundred years ago, while the nightingales that sang in Shakspeare's time burst into a new song—*Romeo and Juliet* is very like the story a nightingale might tell. It begins quietly, with some faint echo of what is to come, a low thrill, a pause—passion's note suggested, and then silenced for a moment—then the jug-jug of commonplace, and then comes a great passionate outburst thrilling into every heart.

The great theatre was full of hard-working, honest faces, people resting and forgetting their week's work, not lazy capitolines trying to wile away an evening; the pit surged to the stalls, the galleries were broad, and filled with this good audience.

There were only about half a dozen boxes in all; I think four on either side. Two or three of these were tenanted by family parties who had come to see the tragedy of *Romeo and Juliet*. In one of them sat a whole row of sociable, middle-aged, discursive people, evidently with many reminiscences of other Romeos and other Juliets, cheerfully discoursing while their heads nodded. In the next box was a silent party; in the front of the box sat a beautiful young woman, with her head leaning upon her hand. She was pale, dark-haired; a diamond star was flashing in her thick plaits, and a diamond was twinkling at her throat. She was dressed in black velvet. A little white muslin girl, with lovely brown eyes, sat beside her; a middle-aged lady in a lace cap, and a bald gentleman, with a pair of opera-glasses, made up the party. They all looked on very intently, though they did not say much about it. The bald gentleman was Dick Willoughby, the well-known theatrical critic of the *Daily Harlequin*. He had brought his wife, and her beautiful friend Mrs. Baxter, and his little niece, to see the tragedy played.

Willoughby, whose profession some persons may envy, and who was actually paid for going to the theatre, looked with a kind, grim sort of sympathy at his little niece, who sat, breathless, with her dark curly head against the red curtain, wondering and absorbed by this unknown spectacle, this sea of passion tossing before her toward some vast horizon undreamed of by little girls of fourteen nowadays. She might have made a pretty study for a painter, had there been one present, and able to withdraw his eyes from the wonderful, the melodious, heart-rending history enacted that night.

The play begins. Gay Mercutio, in his glittering doublet, has said his say; the fiery Tybalt has breathed vengeance against the Montagues; old Capulet, in his satin doublet, has tried in vain to calm his furious kinsman, and then, lo! the scene changes.

The moonlight is streaming on the woods and gardens of Verona, on the terraces and heavy-scented flowers, on the balcony, where Juliet—dear, rebellious, tenderly generous Juliet—stands in her white robes. The light falls on the sweet face with its wistful story. Then comes Romeo very quickly; he stands at the foot of the balcony; the lady bends from above; the scene seems touched with some mystic rapture. "My bounty is as boundless as the sea, my love as deep; the more I give to thee, the more I have, for both are infinite," says Juliet's tender voice; and then she vanishes, with a soft white flash, returning, lingering, dying away, like summer lightning. "Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast," says Romeo, with all a true lover's tenderness.

"Oh, Uncle Dick!" said little Margaret, clasping her hands in speechless sympathy.

"You are not the first to say oh! to all that, Peggy," answered Uncle Dick, kindly.

The scene in the friar's cell soon followed.

"Friar Lawrence is a first-rate conjurer to pull all those beautiful things out of that basket," said Willoughby to his wife. "Have you done with the glasses, Bell?" and he began looking in the direction of the opposite box, which had been empty till then. Some one had just come in, and sat down in a seat behind the curtain.

"It seems all so real, Aunt Bell," said little Margaret, in a whisper; "only *more* real than real things."

"His wonderful wealth of language must have something to do with it," said Willoughby, gently shutting up his glasses. "He calls in all nature and all English to his aid—eh, Mrs. Baxter, don't it strike you so?"

He was looking at her with an odd expression, as if he wanted to hear her voice, to guess what she was thinking of from what she said.

"I am like Margaret: I can only sympathize," said Mrs. Baxter. "I think it was very happy for Juliet that she died with her faith in Romeo unchanged;" this she added, not bitterly, but with a heavy sigh. Mrs. Willoughby hastily interposed with a "Hush! hush! Juliet is coming." She did not want her friend Felicia to dwell upon her troubles.

This is the fag-end of a story which all happened years ago, only a little bit got broken off, so to speak, and was fastened on again by chance on this particular night. The hero and heroine of my little history loved each other long ago, tenderly, passionately; then they quarrelled, then they made it up, and were married; they had loving but jarring tempers; he was suspicious, poor, easily angered; she was impetuous, diffident, exacting, because she loved him and cared so much for him and for herself too, and because she cared so much for the quality of his love, and because she was jealous of some one far more suitable than herself. He was Colonel Baxter, a widower, when they were married; she had been an heiress, Felicia Marlowe by name. The young mistress of Harpington Hall had been left very young, very alone, very self-willed, to her own discretion and indiscretion, to her childish moods, to her make-shift life; she had been overpraised and overloved, perhaps, by the cousin from whom she inherited the old house which had been her home and the scene of her failure and success in life. She had been engaged to him nominally, but they both knew that even if he recovered they were lovers only in name. Felicia's heart had beaten its own measure, and ached to its own longing, although her future had been settled for her by others; then, when the time came, and she was free, and able to mould it to her heart's desire, she was, perhaps, disappointed by the result.

All this has been told elsewhere, but one odd phase of the story happened two nights ago, and I write it down as it was told me by some people who were present.

It was from Mrs. Willoughby I heard it all. She is a middle-aged woman who has known a good many people, and seen something of the world (which means seeing something more than people sitting in rows in it), and Felicia Baxter and she were old friends. Mrs. Willoughby had been at Felicia's wedding, and admired—as who would not admire—the lovely young bride and the stately bridegroom, little thinking of the dismal result of all this white satin, organ-straining, promising, vowing, bride-cake, and congratulations. Everything seemed propitious. One of Felicia's former lovers was present in a dejected attitude, the friends who approved and the friends who disapproved were there, all equally smart. The Colonel's little daughter, a child of twelve, was there with the aunt and the cousin who had brought her up, and with whom she was to remain till the couple returned. They were to spend a month or two at Rome, and then come back. But though after a time they came back, little Lucy Baxter remained, by her father's wish, with the cousin for whom she had so great an affection.

When disagreements began between the Colonel and his wife, Colonel Baxter, who was a somewhat morbidly fastidious person, shrank from bringing his little Lucy from her peaceful home to witness the disturbance, and strange, almost inexplicable troubles of his new life. She was nearly thirteen. In a year or two she would be a woman. He was ashamed that the two women who had made his home there ten years and more should know of his present perplexities. He made one excuse and another to put off Lucy's coming, and Felicia guessed the reason, and felt a wild, miserable pang in her heart; self-reproach, acquiescence, bitter resentment, were all there in her foolish, passionate soul.

One day she said to him:

"You married me, but you never loved me. Why did you come to disturb me? What was there to prevent you from marrying some one else? If it was only my money you wanted, you might have had it all for the asking."

Baxter's dark face turned white.

"I can't forgive this," he said. "It is no use, Felicia; I must go away. You can't say anything to undo this. I have felt it all coming for some time past. You have insulted me, wounded me, humiliated me, past my endurance."

"Oh, Jim! Jim! You would not have spoken to me so," sobbed Felicia, apostrophizing the dead cousin to whom she had been engaged.

"No; but I have not the forbearance that your cousin possessed; and though you broke his heart, you shall not ruin my life and my child's," said Colonel Baxter, in a cold, concentrated fury.

Felicia was frightened by his strange tone and strange looks; she came up and caught his hand.

"Leave me alone," he cried; "don't touch me."

She ran out of the room with a pale face and desperate eyes; spoiled, lonely, inexperienced, she was not likely to make allowance for another somewhat spoiled child. She did not distinguish between hot temper and coldness of heart. Perhaps Mrs. Willoughby might have done some good then, but Felicia rushed to a friend who happened to be staying in the house and who certainly made matters worse. They had been bad enough before.

"We are born to be slaves and playthings," said this lady, gloomily, with her foot on the fender. "Some women have spirits too high for mean surrender to circumstance; without such hearts to bleed for the cause of right and truth and liberty, we should be brought low indeed. *You* are one of these," said Mrs. Bracey (that was the friend's name), suddenly turning full upon the quivering, pale, indignant lady of the house—"one of these generous martyred ones."

And so it happened that the two parted. Colonel Baxter made some excuse to somebody—the butler, I believe—and went away without seeing his wife again. Felicia, as usual, staid on alone at Harpington. How often had she turned some page in her short life's history, and begun again to live alone! She was, perhaps, more forlorn now than she had ever been. People did not know her story for certain, but they whispered it about, and looked at her pitifully. She kept away, and could not face them.

It was not till some weeks had passed that Mrs. Willoughby brought her up to London by main force.

"The poor little soul will go out of her mind if she is left to brood all by herself in that dismal old place. I hate that Colonel Baxter, Dick," said Mrs. Dick, emphatically.

"I saw him at the club the other day, looking uncommonly dismal," said Dick Willoughby. "Depend upon it, in nine cases out of ten it is the woman's fault when people quarrel. You can give in with grace, my dear; a man can't without making a fool of himself."

"Nonsense!" cried Mrs. Willoughby, laughing; "you never appear to greater advantage than at such times, Dick."

But the scene changes to Sadler's Wells once more, where they are all sitting in a row in their comfortable box, and watching the changing scenes. Mrs. Willoughby, who had taken up the glass, looked slowly round the theatre, and paused for a moment, as her husband had done, upon the opposite box, but its occupant was hidden from view by the curtain. Mrs. Baxter did not look up or about; she sat listless, absorbed, listening; while a faint color rose, and then died away on her pale cheek.

Meanwhile people grew more and more interested; the storm of feeling upon the stage rises and engrosses the not unsympathetic audience; sorrow's knell is dinning; gallant Mercutio falls as bravely as he has lived; Romeo, driven to bay, is forced to revenge him; then comes the sentence and the passionate parting scene between the "hour's wife" and her banished lover.

Little Margaret began to cry outright; the tears dribbled down her blue ribbons. Felicia never moved; she seemed to turn pale, and more pale.

It was it this instant that Mrs. Willoughby, happening to look round, caught a sight of the occupant of the opposite box, who, forgetting his precautions, had leaned forward for a minute; then he withdrew almost immediately. That black, set face, that close-cropped military head—surely she could not be mistaken; she glanced at her friend anxiously, then she touched her husband's hand to attract his attention.

"Dick," she whispered, "do you see?"

"Yes; I saw him come in," said Dick, in a low voice. "Don't look; you might frighten him away."

Then the critic, who had to write his article however much other people were distracted, went back to his notes again. Little Margaret followed every word with rapt attention; to her the play was everything, and everything else nothing. Mrs. Baxter, too, seemed to have found some relief from the weight of her present troubles in Juliet's pathetic words; the color rose into her cheeks, her eyes brightened.

"Brava, Juliet," said Dick, when Juliet, after her great outcry of child-like terror, suddenly, nobly, calmly drains the sleeping-draught. Then came that last great scene where life and death seem struggling for a while, and the unseen and the present meet, and human beings fall helpless and prostrate before the awful doom of fate.

It was not till this last scene that the opposite curtain was pushed back, and that Colonel Baxter, seeing his wife's beautiful sad face leaning forward, leaned forward too.

Who was it spoke? Was it Shakspeare who spoke in faithful ever-enduring words? was it Baxter? was it Felicia? "Oh, my love! my wife!" says Romeo.

Felicia looked up. Had some voice called? Perhaps she looked away because she could not face it all; but from across the great theatre she met the steady look of her husband's eyes; the two saw each other. With a faint cry Felicia half rose, and half mechanically put out her arms, as Juliet had done; then she turned and caught at Mrs. Willoughby's outstretched hand.

"Did you see him? did you see?" she said.

"Oh, hush! listen!" cried little Margaret, bending forward.

"Come, I'll dispose of thee among a sisterhood of holy nuns," says the friar. "Stay not to question, for the watch is coming."—"What's here—a cup closed in my true lover's hand?" sobs Juliet.

Margaret was crying; Mrs. Willoughby, rising up from her seat, was pulling fainting Felicia away from the front of the box. There was a rattle at the handle of the door; it opened wide, and Colonel Baxter walked in.

"Fay!" he cried—"Fay, forgive me; won't you forgive me?"

She gave a cry, a spring, and clung to him, close to his heart.

Little Margaret never forgot her first play. I think Colonel and Mrs. Baxter's domestic troubles seemed to her very tame compared to Mr. and Mrs. Montague's.

Dick afterward confessed to his wife that he had expected something of the sort. "I was talking to my friend Mr. Fladgate at the club," he said, "and seeing Baxter at his elbow, I took care to tell Fladgate, in his hearing, that Mrs. Bateman had sent us a box for to-night, and that Felicia was to come with you. I wonder how long the peace will last," he said, with a doubtful look.

"They love each other, Dick," said Mrs. Willoughby; "and then people can afford to quarrel, can't they, Dick?"

Dick laughed. "Yes, Bell," said he, "perhaps they can afford it, but it is an expensive amusement."

EXCAVATIONS AT FLOOD ROCK.

Midway between Astoria and Manhattan Island, and some hundreds of yards from Hallett's Point, lies a small island covered with buildings, whose tall chimneys, continually puffing forth smoke and steam, remind one of a large factory afloat. This is Flood Rock, and as the swift tides of East River whirl and shift about it, tossing their spray skyward, few would imagine that the river's bed at this spot is honey-combed with a net-work of miniature streets, where day and night, thirty feet beneath the river's surface, toil scores of hardy miners, drilling, picking, and blasting the rocks which have proved so fatal to many a gallant ship passing through the "Gate."

The central shaft is sixty feet deep, and from it radiate in all directions smaller galleries crossing and intersecting each other, until the whole river's bed is undermined with two miles of galleries, the roof of rock, supported by rocky columns at stated intervals.

Coils of tubing from the air-compressing machines carry the power which feeds the drilling machines that day and night bore into the flinty rock, and as the grimy miners direct their blows against the rocky walls, the machines seem like living monsters, quivering and shaking as they bite and rend the granite wall before them, to which their task-masters, the miners, like gnome-elves, direct them. The fitful gleam of the tiny miners' lamps, the hissing of compressed air, the boom of distant blasts, rush of water, and pounding of the drills, all make up a scene solemn and weird as from Dante's "Inferno."

Although two hundred and fifty holes are bored per day, it will probably take two years to undermine this rock, but when the proposed two hundred thousand pounds of nitro-glycerine are exploded in these flooded caverns, Hallett's Point explosion will be thrown in the shade, and Flood Rock, with all its reefs and dangers, will be a thing of the past.

[Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1251, Vol. XXIV.]

CHRISTOWELL.

A Dartmoor Tale.

By R. D. BLACKMORE,

Author of "Mary Anerley," "Lorna Doone," "Cripps, the Carrier," etc.

CHAPTER III.

PARSON SHORT.

"I am almost sure that he must have broken down," said the fairest of his flowers to the gardener; "he is the most punctual man in the county, and scarcely ever more than three days late. I saw him not more than three miles off, on the top of the hill above Lustleigh, before the sun was three yards high; and he must have been here, wiping his head as a delicate hint for cider, two hours ago, if he had gone on well."

"Perhaps he has gone on too well, my dear, by taking the turn to the 'Three Horseshoes.' Not that I would cast any slur upon your pet; but still such things will happen."

"To other people perhaps they might; but never to him—I am quite sure of that. The last time I saw him he lamented cordially 'the mischief of them publics.'"

"That was very good of him, and showed high principle as well as a tender conscience," Mr. Arthur replied, while he took good care that his daughter should not observe his smile; for life enough was before her yet for correction of faith in human nature. "Pugsley has the elements of a lofty character—industry, honesty, philosophy—in the sense of that word at present."

"Father," cried Rose, having finished her bunch, and running up to him with the long grape-scissors in her hand, and a trail of bast around her neck, "have I got the elements of a lofty character? Industry, certainly—just look at those ten bunches; honesty, perhaps, to a reasonable extent; but scarcely a bit of philosophy, I'm afraid."

"Certainly not too much of that," her father answered, quietly. "But run in and see about the breakfast, darling, or perhaps you may discover some defects in mine."

"How I wish that I could! But I shall never do that, if philosophy means good temper. Now come and see my work, sir, and say if it is good."

"It is good sound work; far better than Lord Bicton's head gardener, at any money, could produce in vineries like a cathedral. However, it is not faultless yet, though I don't mean to say that I could do it better, even if my eyes were as young as yours. You understand thoroughly the bunch as it is, and you shape it beautifully for the time; nothing could be neater or more justly placed. But you have yet to learn the fine perception of the future—the bending of the footstalk as the berries grow in weight, and the probable drop of the shoulders. And practice alone can teach you the different ins and outs of each kind of grape in swelling."

"The subject appears to me to be endless. How shall I ever attain to such knowledge?"

"By watching the results of your own work, and by never giving over."

"Till old experience do attain to something like prophetic strain. But, father, how did you thus attain it? Have you ever been apprenticed to a gardener?"

"Little pitchers may have long ears, but they must not have curious tongues," he replied, with a kiss on her forehead to heal the rebuke. "Now let us go to breakfast; and then seek Pugsley."

Hence it came to pass that while the good carrier was still regarding the position of his cart and the attitude of his ancient horse with calm eyes and well-kindled pipe, a spirited young lady stood before him, and did not share his patience.

"Good-morning, Master Pugsley; and you seem to think it good. But I always have understood that a cart ought to stand upon both wheels."

"So her did. You'm right there, miss," the carrier answered, with a quiet grin. "But there be times when her dothn't do her dooty, but go'oth contrairy, like the wominvolk."

"And you mean to let her stay like that forever! And my father's pots lying in a heap upon the road!"

"Cappen is a just man, and a' wull look auver it. Partikler now you've zeed it, miss, and can sartify 'twor no hooman doin's."

"All I can certify is that you seem content to stay here for the rest of the day. Do please to get out of that hole at once, and bring all the pots you have managed not to break."

"Lor', how natteral you do spake! It doth a man good to hear 'e, miss. Here us must baide, nolum wolum, till sich taime as Farmer Willum coom'th."

"Farmer William may not come at all, or at any rate not till twelve o'clock. Now do put your shoulder to the wheel yourself. I am very strong, and I will help you."

The carrier was too polite to laugh, though he cherished that disdain of female prowess against which the chivalrous author of "Dorothy" couches his elegiac lance. But this man only puffed the pipe of silence.

"You fancy that I can do nothing, I suppose," cried Rose, who was as prickly as a moss-rose when provoked; "but I can do a whole quantity of things such as would quite surprise you. I can milk a cow, and pot a vine, and bed down a pony, and salt a silverside, and store apples, and fry potatoes, and fill a pipe. And if all that is nothing, as you might be apt to think, because of being a man, Mr. Pugsley, I can answer for taking a hive of bees without hurting one of them. Can you do that?"

"The Lord forbid! He hath made 'em to be smoked, zoon as ever they a' done their work. But, missy, it amooseth me to hear you tell up. You tell up a sight of things as a well-inventioned man can do, or if not one, mebbe then anither of 'em. But you never tak' no count on the hardest thing of arl, the like of which no man can do in this here county. You knows what I mane, Miss Rose; and winderful it is to me, for sich a babe and suckling."

"Oh, I know what you mean quite well. You have made me do it in the cart so often. But I do assure you that it is quite easy."

"Aisy a' can never be," said the carrier, decisively; "although a' zimth as some can do 'un, droo years of arly larnin'. To play the piander is winderful; but a varmer's datter may coom to that, bein' outside of her dooty; but niver can her come to spakin' of the bad Vrench langoowich."

"I tell you, Master Pugsley, that every one can do it, in my proper rank of life. You are not stupid enough to suppose that because I pot vines—"

"Noo, noo, miss—axing of your pardon for breaking in upon you. I knows as well as the Royal Mail doth that you be one of the karlity. None but a vule could look twice at you and veel any doubt whatsomdever about that, my dear. And Cappen Larks, though he dooth quare things, is the very same—at any rate to my mind."

"And to everybody's mind, I should hope, Mr. Pugsley. But he must not, and he shall not, be called 'Captain Larks,' as you know, if nobody else does. Now please to get out of your rut, and come on."

The nature truly noble and the mind of lofty power, reluctant as they always are to make disclosure of themselves, and shunning as they always do the frippery of random praise, unwittingly are revealed sometimes by the conduct of tobacco smoke. Shallow men, or hasty fellows, or small sons of discontent, labor hard with restless puffs, and vex the air with turbid fumes promiscuously tossed from lip or bowl. How different is the process of the large, well-balanced, contemplative pipe! No swirling tempest battles round the brow, no waste of issue clouds the air; but blue wreaths hover far asunder, circling placidly as they soar, like halos round the head of peace; the cool bowl shines without exuding, like the halcyon of the charm and calm, and sweet rest satisfies the spirit of the man, gratefully ministering the gift divine.

In a state of mind thus serene and lofty, Master Pugsley smoked his pipe. Maiden impatience stirred him not, nor the casual shords of a slight mishap, nor the general fragility of human kind. If his cart was not upon a level axle, should that disturb his own equipoise? So he sat down again, in a courteous manner, and delivered very sound advice; while the young lady ran away, and left him to enjoy it, for she saw that help was near at hand.

Now a man of good sense and strong will led the simple people of Christowell. In any trouble or turning of the mind, as well as in bodily ailments, there was not a grown-up man or woman who sought to go further than Parson Short. The Rev. Tom Short, vicar of the parish, coming to an utterly neglected place, had quietly made his way by not insisting upon it unduly. Resolute good-will, plain speech, and fair allowance for adverse minds, together with a comfortable income of his own, enabled him to go on well, and to make his flock do likewise. He addressed them "on papper" only once a week, which was quite as much as they required; and that they did with diffidence. He, however, was well convinced of the mutual duty thereby discharged. No other preacher in the diocese could say so much in the time allowed, which was never more than five minutes; and no other congregation listened with attention so close, and yawns so few.

In other matters his style was dry, and terse, and quick to the purpose, yet seldom rough, and never arrogant or overbearing. Steadfast Tory as he was, he respected everybody's rights, and felt due sympathy for their wrongs, whenever he could see them. His education had been good at Winchester and New College, whence he had taken high classical honors, though his college was then exempt from test. For his manner of sticking to the point at issue, and knowing nothing unless he knew it well, was just what Oxford then encouraged. His bodily appearance was not grand, nor large, nor at all imposing, and the principal weakness of his mind was a morbid perception of that defect. Not that he could be called a dwarf, or plain, or at all unsightly, only that his spirit, being very great, had a hankering for larger tenement. This feeling, perhaps, had saved his freedom, by making him shy of long-bodied ladies, while it kept him from admiring short ones. So now he was nearing his forty-fifth year, with a prospect of nothing but bachelorhood, which his cook was determined to maintain on his behalf. Yet many a young lady of exalted stature would gladly enough have become Mrs. Short.

For this was a ruddy, brisk, and very cheerful man, bald, it is true, on the top of his head, but plenteously whiskered, largely capable of beard—if clerical principles should ever close the razor, which they were beginning even now to do in London—gifted, moreover, with a very pleasant smile, a short waggish nose, and keen blue eyes. No better man could fill his shoes, or at any rate could get into them, so well compressed was his material and so good the staple.

It was not only this, nor yet the graceful increment of his income, nor even the possession of a spiritual turn, that led the young ladies to be thinking of him whenever any settlement in life was mentioned. He inspired large interest by his own merit, but a feeling yet larger and deeper by his present sad position. To rescue him from the despotism of Mrs. Aggett, his widowed cook, was the lofty aim of almost every other female. But he bore his yoke with patience, and preferred the known to the unknown ill.

"How now, Pugsley? Stuck fast like this, and the Captain's pots smashed up like that!" this bachelor shouted, as he marched up briskly, saw the position, and understood the large resignation of the native mind.

"Stuck slow, I karls it, Passon Shart. And thicky cloam be smashed more down than oop. If her baided oop, her wud 'a been all zound."

"Come, Master Tim, get out your levers, instead of argifying."

"Passon, I wull, if so be I've got 'un. The Lord know'th whether they be here or to home."

"Here they are, more peart than you be," Mr. Short replied, turning up some old rubbish from the bottom of the cart, and drawing forth two spars of ash. "Now wugg on, Teddy, when I give the word."

"No man as ever I see yet," said the carrier, through a blue ring of smoke, "hath received the power to make Teddy wugg, when a' hath his nosebarg on, avore such time as his tongue have been into the uttermost corners of the zame."

Parson Short, without any answer, unbuckled the strap of the hairy wallet, gently withdrew it from the old fellow's nose, though he put up one foot to protect it, and marching sternly up the hill, hung this fine temptation upon a hazel bush at the first corner. Teddy, with a whinny of soft remonstrance, pricked up his ears, and looked anxious to proceed.

"Passons has no conscience whativer," said the carrier, pocketing his pipe; "they distresses all the hanimals, like the better sort on Zindays. Niver lets nobody baide at peace."

"Cease from weak reflections, and take to action," the inexorable Short replied. "If your time is worthless, mine is not. Stir him up, Pugsley, while I start the wheel."

"I vear your reverence be a'most too small," said Pugsley, with much good-will, but touching the vicar in his most tender part. Mr. Short took off his coat, folded it carefully, and laid it on a rock-moot, because it was a very good one; then turning up shirt sleeves of fair white linen, he showed a pair of arms as well complexioned as a lady's, but thickset, bossy, and substantial. "Lor' a mussy!" cried the carrier, "thou shouldst niver have a goon on!"

Deigning no answer, the sturdy parson seized the bigger of the two ash staves, and laying the butt of the other for a fulcrum, gave the stuck wheel such a powerful heft that the whole cart rattled, and the crates began to dance.

"Zober, passon, zober! or ee'll heft 'un over t'other zide," said Pugsley, running up to the horse's head. "Now, Teddy, taste thy legs, and strive at 'un."

At a taste of the whip on his legs, the old nag threw his chest out, and grappled the ground with his hoofs. Then he cast his weight forward, and strained to the tug, with his back on the stretch, and his ribs like hoops, and even his tail stiffened up like a hawser.

"Heave-oh!" shouted Parson Short, suiting the action to the word. "Well done, then, old horse; we are out of the hole."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE ENEMIES OF THE VINE.

Probably no plant requires more constant and assiduous attention than the vine in Southern France; for from the pruning up to the time of the gathering of the fruit it is exposed to numerous maladies and mischances.

With the first shoots and budding come the dangers of late frosts, and many viticultors who have not taken the precaution to accumulate heaps of dried herbs and scattered wood, ranged at intervals in their vineyards ready for igniting at a moment's notice, may find their hopes ruined with the rising sun. The late frosts of the end of April, and even sometimes the beginning of May, generally occur at dawn, and the watchers should be in readiness to fire the various heaps, the dense smoke from which, rising in different directions, spreads canopy-like above the threatened vine, and protects it during the brief period of danger. After, when the shoots are thriving and clothing with verdure, comes a plague of snails, caterpillars, and a host of vermin to feast and leave ruin in their track. Unceasing and steady warfare has to be waged against these, and when the enemy may be said to be vanished, there is the dreaded oïdium to be guarded against, which is done by powdering the plant with sulphur by means of a bellows-like apparatus. Then when the bunches are in flower, that is, when each future grape is represented by a minute blossom, not unlike miniature broccoli, there is the peril of heavy rains, which will probably wash away half the promised fruit in this early stage of formation. Presuming, however, the vine to have passed triumphantly through these different periods, and that the viticultor is looking forward to a magnificent yield; that the fruit is fattening and purpling in a fashion which forebodes early ripening and abundance of wine; presuming this, there may gather a bank of darkness on the hitherto bright, calm August horizon, which, speeding onward, urged by the rushing blast, sweeps with a levelling storm of hail over the vineyards, cutting down everything in its path, and leaving the viticultor a poorer man by thousands of francs—many thousands where the vineyard is vast and of a noted cru.

But the most terrible of all the devastating influences to which the vine is subject is that of the phylloxera—a scourge which within the last few years has threatened the possible extinction of the vine in France. Fortunately, however, science seems to have at last discovered a means of checking the ravages of the desolating insect, and thousands of plants in the department of the Gironde which were to have been sacrificed as utterly lost have this year given signs of returning health and vigor. The successful treatment seems to have been the submersion of the vines, where this was possible, thus suffocating the millions of insects engaged in honey-combing each root. On the ridges and slopes where flooding was out of the question, an application of a composition of carbon and sulphur (sulfure de carbone) has given excellent promise of vital restoration. But in the face of these apparently sure remedies there is great anxiety and uncertainty as to the future; and well there may be, as many vineyard proprietors are only producing twenty barrels of wine where a dozen years ago they had at least a hundred.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The first experiment in co-operative stores in this city is to be made in the neighborhood of the Five Points—a location which can not boast of wealthy residents, and where very few could now be induced to invest a dollar in such a scheme, even if they had the spare dollar. The New York Co-operative Association design that their grocery store at No. 94 Park Street, between Baxter and Mulberry streets, shall be conducted on sound co-operative principles, adopted after consultation with the best English authorities. As few subscribers in that vicinity are expected until the practical benefits of the system are illustrated, several gentlemen interested in the movement furnish the money to continue the experiment a year. Only goods of the best quality will be sold, and at about the usual market price. No credit will be given. Any person may share in the profits of the establishment by becoming a member, on the payment of twenty-five dollars in monthly installments of one dollar. Checks will be given when goods are purchased entitling the bearers to a share of the profits. A distinction will be made between those who are members of the association and those who are not, the latter receiving checks which entitle them only to half-profits. The purpose of those who have undertaken this experiment is to prove to working people that money may be saved by the co-operative system. The office of the New York company is at Room No. 25, Cooper Institute. Movements are being made in various other cities to organize similar societies.

By special arrangement with the South Kensington Royal School of Art Needle-Work, a series of the tasteful and effective designs of this high authority in decorative art matters will be published from time to time in Harper's Bazar. These designs, which will be begun in an early issue, will comprise the newest and most fashionable kinds of embroidery, and will be selected with a view to the needs of all classes, from the highest to the lowest. Like the New York Decorative Art Society, which has also courteously granted the Bazar the use of its rich resources, the South Kensington School has never before furnished its designs to any journal for publication.

The translation of the Scriptures into the English language by John Wycliffe five hundred years ago was recently commemorated at the Academy of Music in this city, under the auspices of the American Bible Society. Many prominent clergymen and other distinguished persons were present, the Academy being crowded. An oration on "John Wycliffe and the First English Bible" was delivered by the Rev. Dr. Richard S. Storrs, and short addresses were made by others.

A camp-meeting was held in October in Tokio, Japan. A portion of Uyeno Park was the chosen location. With the exception of a few English hymns, all the services were in the Japanese language. On the second day of the meeting, five thousand persons were present, among whom were officers of the government and Buddhist priests.

Science has a great deal to do with good bread—or good bread with science, whichever way one may choose to put it. Formerly the simple theory was to grind up the wheat to an impalpable dust. But since science, aided by the microscope, has shown that really good bread can not be made from flour in which all the starch globules are pulverized, improvements are being devised to *separate* these globules rather than to powder them. By a recent invention electricity is made to take the place of the air blast in separating the bran from the flour; and a series of magnets removes from the wheat, before it is ground, the small bits of iron which find their way into the grain from the wire bands used in binding, and from various other sources. Science is thus constantly aiding the various industries of our country.

The Royal Geographical Society has decided to appoint an Arctic Committee to collect and arrange all the information and statistics accumulated within the last four years. In connection with this announcement, the London *Times* says, "We see no reason why our Geographical Society should hold aloof from the scheme, favored by the United States and other countries, for establishing a number of permanent stations around the north pole."

It is said that our export trade in beef has been much injured by English butchers, who sell their customers damaged meat under the name of American beef. Probably the surest way to remedy this is to send abroad only the best quality of beef. But there seems to be real ground to fear that our dairy interests abroad will also be injured if miserable imitations of butter continue to be shipped to England as the genuine article. The Board of Managers of the Produce Exchange has requested the Treasury Department to restrict clearances of butter to the natural product of the dairy, and to require products resembling butter to pass under their distinctive names.

The total number of bushels of grain now detained by ice in the Erie Canal is 5,419,055.

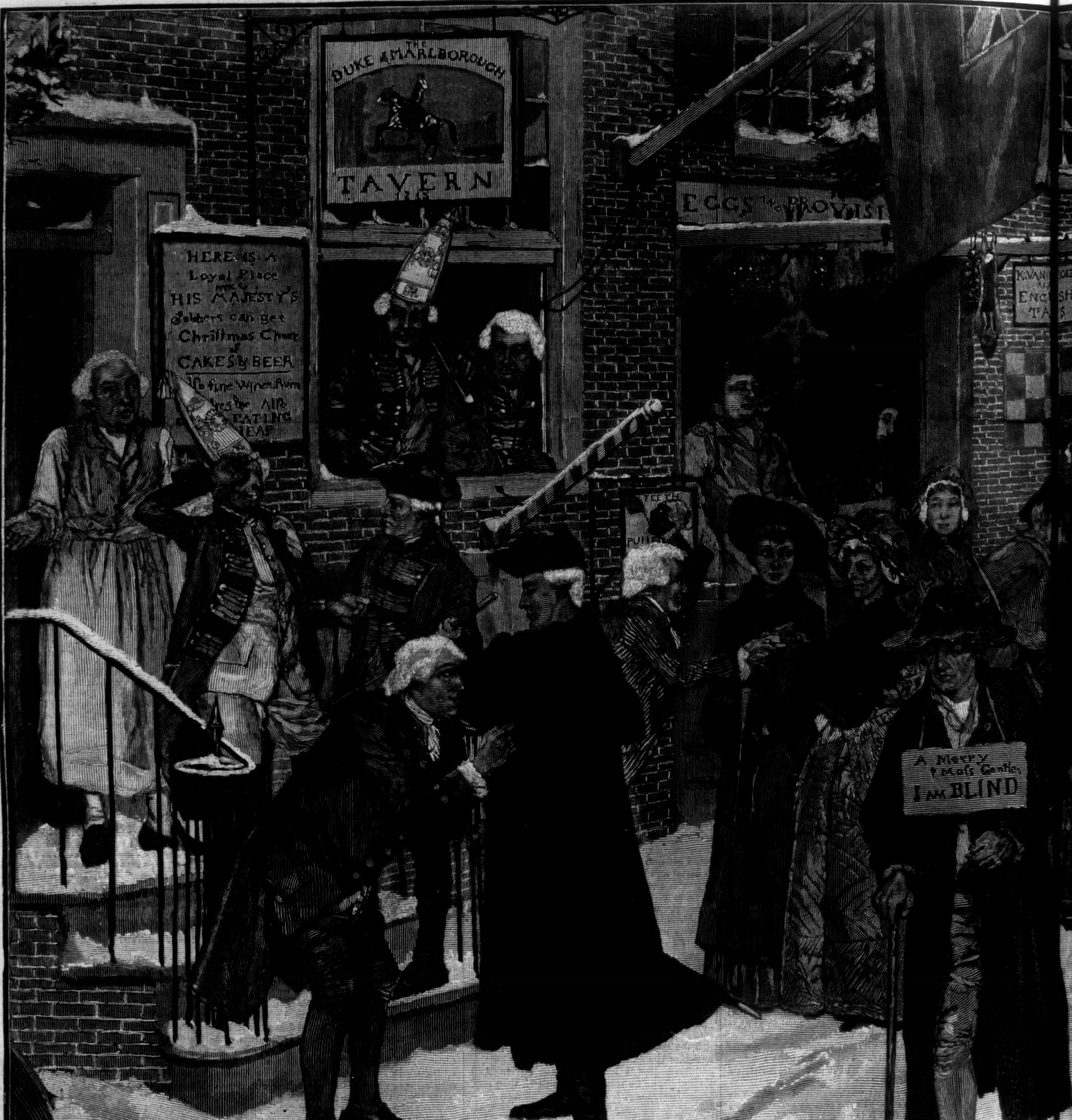
At the National Exhibition at Milan next year there will be a captive balloon, constructed on the model of the one which was so successful in Paris in 1878. It will measure not less than one hundred and eighty feet in circumference, eighty-four feet in height, and contain fifteen thousand cubic feet of gas. To it will be attached a safe and solid car, capable of containing seats for at least eight persons. A steam-engine is to regulate the ascent and descent, and it will rise to a height of about nine hundred feet, affording a splendid view of Milan and the plains of Lombardy.

Now is the time to begin preparation for next summer, by building ice-houses, and laying up a store of that necessary luxury. We do not refer to the ice companies in this suggestion, who, of course, will attend to their business, but to farmers, gentlemen living in the country, and scores of other private individuals, who easily might secure a supply of ice at very little expense. It is but little trouble to build a small ice-house, and if carefully packed, ice will keep well, and be a source of comfort next August.

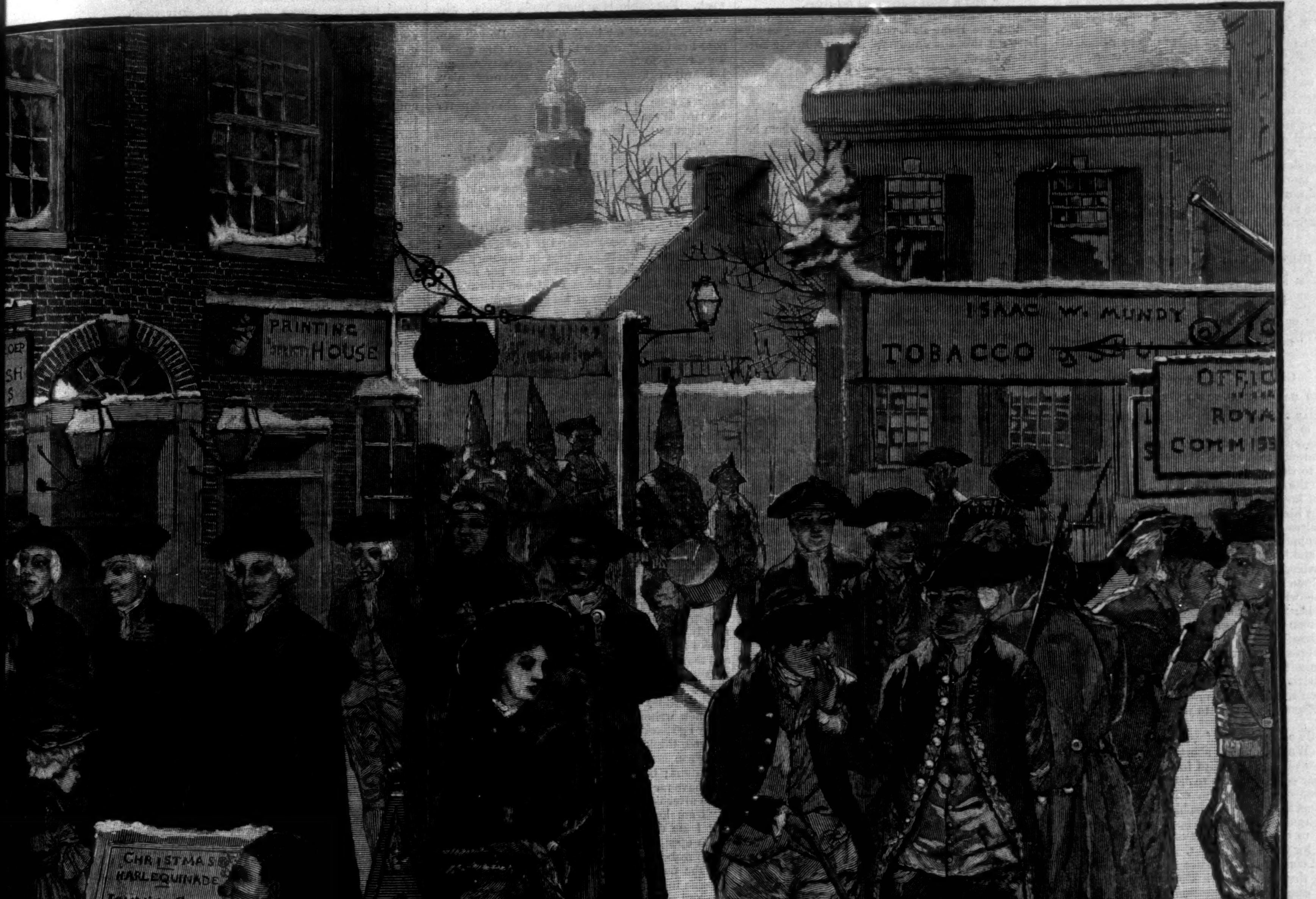
Lieutenant Schwatka explained, at the meeting of the National Academy of Science held in this city, that the arctic winter is not such a dark one as some have supposed. In the highest latitudes explorers have ever reached, the shortest day of the year is four hours and forty-two minutes long, although the light of the day is only like twilight.

Within the last twenty-six years nearly sixty thousand children have been removed from New York city to Western homes. A majority of the children sent out thus by the Children's Aid Society do well; and it should be remembered that many of these were utterly without homes, and others taken from places which were worse than the streets. During the last year several charitable persons have interested themselves in this work, and have given the money to secure the transportation of many friendless waifs to comfortable homes in the West.

An appeal to all classes of citizens in behalf of all the charitable hospitals of this city will be made on Hospital Saturday and Sunday, December 25 and 26. Last year the contributions amounted to about $26,000. Letters have been sent to many of the principal cities of the United States by the secretary of the Hospital Sunday Committee, suggesting that a simultaneous appeal in behalf of the sick poor be made in these various cities, so that this benevolent movement may assume a national character. There are now in New York city over twenty hospitals, in which every year not far from ten thousand patients are treated, these patients being of every nationality and every creed.


THE DUKE of MARLBOROUGH
TAVERN
HERE IS A Loyal Place where HIS MAJESTY'S Soldiers can get Christmas Cheer of CAKES & BEER
Also fine Wines Rum
for All
EATING
EGGS and PROVISI
K. VAN
ENGLISH
TA S
A Merry Xmas Gentles
I AM BLIND
Howard Pyle del.
August 1889

CHRISTMAS MORNING IN OLD NEW YORK,


PRINTING HOUSE
ISAAC W. MUNDY
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OFFIC
ROYA
COMMISS
CHRISTMAS
HARLEQUINADE
JOHN'S STREE
THEATRE
DRURY LANE
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LAGARDE & MEASOM Sc

YORK.—Drawn by Howard Pyle.—[See Page 830.]

CHRISTMAS IN OLD NEW YORK.

In our double-page illustration Mr. HOWARD PYLE, whose picture of the first reading of the Declaration of Independence, published in HARPER'S WEEKLY, attracted so much attention last summer, endeavors to delineate the scenes of a Christmas morning in old New York, at the time when the British still held possession of the city. He has made a careful study of old prints, old costumes, and old records, and, by the magic power of the imagination, has recalled the life of the past, and given us a picture of New York as it appeared in good old colony times. There are the old taverns and warehouses, the groups of soldiers and citizens, just as we may fancy they appeared over a hundred years ago, when the patriots were beginning to scheme for liberty and independence. New York was at that time a much more picturesque city than it is at present. It had not lost the old Dutch characteristics, nor did the sturdy old burghers dream of the stately grandeur it was to attain.

[Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1235.]

ASPHODEL.

By MISS M. E. BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "BARBARA; OR, SPLENDID MISERY," "A STRANGE WORLD," "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," "DEAD MEN'S SHOES," "VIXEN," ETC.

CHAPTER XVI.—(*Continued.*)

"NO MAN MAY ALWAY HAVE PROSPERITEE."

EDGAR and his mother staid away till the third week in September. When they came back to Hawksyard, cub-hunting was in full swing, and Mr. Turchill rose at five o'clock three mornings a week to ride long distances to the appointed spot where the chase was to begin. He rode with two sets of hounds, making nothing of distance. He bought himself a fifth hunter—having four good ones already—which latest acquisition was naturally supposed to overtop all the rest in strength, pace, and beauty. His mother began to fear that the stables would be her son's ruin.

"Three thousand a year was considered a large income when your father and I were married," she said; "but it's a small one now for a country gentleman in your position. We ought to be careful, Edgar."

"Who said we were going to be careless, mother mine? I am sure you are a model among housewives," said Edgar, lightly.

"You've taken on a new man in the stable, I hear, Edgar—to attend to your new horse, I suppose."

"Only a new boy at fourteen bob a week, mother. We were rather short-handed."

"Short-handed! With four men!"

Edgar could not stop to debate the matter. It was nine o'clock, and he was eating a hurried breakfast before starting on his useful covert hack for Snitterfield, where the hounds were to meet. It was to be the first meet of the season, an occasion for some excitement. Pleasant to see all the old company, with a new face or two perhaps among them, and a sprinkling of new horses—young ones whose education had only just begun. Edgar was going to exhibit his new mare, an almost thorough-bred black, and was all aglow with pride at the thought of the admiration she would receive. He looked his best in his well-worn red coat, new buckskins, and perfect boots.

"I hope you'll be careful, Edgar," said his mother, hanging about him in the hall, "and that you won't go taking desperate jumps with that new mare. She has a nasty vicious look in her hind-legs, which I don't at all like; and yesterday, when I opened the stable door to speak to Baker, she put back her ears."

"A horse may do that without being an absolute fiend, mother. Black Pearl is the kindest creature in Christendom. Good-by."

"Dinner at eight, I suppose?" sighed Mrs. Turchill, who preferred an earlier hour.

"Yes, if you don't mind. It gives me plenty of time for a bath. Ta, ta."

He had swung himself on to the thickset chestnut roadster, and was trotting merrily away on the other side of the draw-bridge before his mother had finished her regretful sighs. The groom had gone on before with Black Pearl. These hunting mornings were the only occasions on which Mr. Turchill forgot his disappointment. The keen delight of fresh air, a fast run, pleasant company, familiar voices, brushed away all dark thoughts. For the moment he lived only to fly across the level fields, in a country which seemed altogether changed from the scene of his daily walks and rides, all familiar things—hedges, hills, commons, brooks—taking a look of newness, as if he were galloping through a world fresh made. For the moment he lived as the bird lives, a thing of life and motion, a creature too swift for thought or pain or care. Then after the day's hard riding came the lazy homeward walk side by side with a friend, and friendly talk about horses and dogs and neighbors. Then a dinner, for which even a lover's appetite showed no sign of decay. Then pleasant exhaustion, a cigar, a nap, and a long night of dreamless rest.

No doubt it was this relief afforded by the hunting season which saved Mr. Turchill from exhibiting himself in the dejected condition which Rosalind declared was an essential mark of a lover. No lean cheek or sunken eye, neglected beard or sullen spirit, marked Edgar when he came to South Hill. He seemed so much at his ease, and had so much to tell about that first meet at Snitterfield, and the delightful run which followed it, that Daphne was confirmed in her idea that in affairs of the heart Mr. Turchill belonged to the weather-cock species.

"If he could get over your rejection of him, you may suppose how easily he would get over mine," she said to her sister.

Yet she was very glad to have Edgar back again; to be able to order him about, to beat him at billiards, or waltz with him in the dusky hall between five-o'clock tea and dinner, while Lina played for them in the adjacent morning-room. In this one accomplishment Daphne was teacher, and a most imperious mistress.

"If you expect me to be seen dancing with you at the Hunt Ball, you must improve vastly between this and January," she said, in her loftiest manner.

CHAPTER XVII.

"AND IN MY HERTE WONDREN I BEGAN."

To waltz in the gloaming with a girl whom he passionately loves, and who has contemptuously rejected him, is a kind of pleasure too near the edge of pain to be altogether blissful. Yet Edgar came every non-hunting day to South Hill, and was always ready to dance to Daphne's piping. He was her first partner since the little crabbed old French master at Asnières, who had taken a round with her now and then, fiddling all the time, to show his other pupils what dancing meant. He declared that Daphne was the only one of them all who had the soul of a dancer.

"Elle est née sylphide. She moves in harmony with the music; she is a part of the melody," he said, as he scraped away at the languishing "Duc de Reichstadt" valse, a tune as old as the hills, and ever so much better than forty-nine out of fifty modern waltzes.

The grand hunt ball, which took place only once in two years at Stratford Town-Hall, was to be held next January, and Sir Vernon had consented that Daphne should appear at this festivity, chaperoned by her aunt, and accompanied by her elder sister. It was an assembly so thoroughly local that Mrs. Ferrers felt it a solemn duty to be present. Even her parochial character, which to the narrow-minded might seem incongruous, made it, she asserted, all the more incumbent upon her to be there.

"A clergyman's wife ought to show her interest in all innocent amusements," she said. "If there were any fear of doubtful people getting admitted, of course I would sooner cut off my feet than cross the threshold; but where the voucher system is so thoroughly carried out—"

"There are sure to be plenty of pretty girls," said the rector, "and I believe there's a capital card-room. I've a good mind to go with you."

"If it were in summer, Duke, I should urge it on you as a duty; but in this severe weather, the change from a hot room—"

"Might bring on my bronchitis. I think you're right, Rhoda. And the Champagne at these places is generally a doubtful brand; while of all earthly delusions and snares a ball supper is the most hollow. But I should like to see Daphne at her first ball. I am very fond of little Daphne."

"I am always pleased for you to be interested in my relations," replied Mrs. Ferrers, with a sour look; "but I must say, of all the young people I ever had anything to do with, Daphne is the most unsatisfactory."

"In what way?" asked Mr. Ferrers, looking lazily up from his tea-cup.

It was afternoon tea-time, and the husband and wife were sitting tête-à-tête before the fire in the rector's snug study, where the old black oak shelves were full of the most delightful books, which he was proud to possess, but rarely looked at—inside. The outsides, beautiful in tawny and crimson leather, tooled and gilded and labelled and lettered, regaled his eye in many a lazy reverie, when he reposed in his arm-chair, and watched the fire-light winking and blinking at those treasuries of art and wisdom.

"In what way is Daphne troublesome, my dear?" repeated the rector. "I am interested in the puss. I taught her her catechism."

"I wish you had taught her the spirit as well as the letter," retorted Mrs. Ferrers, tartly. "The girl is an absolute pagan. After flirting with Edgar Turchill in a manner that would have endangered her reputation had she belonged to people of inferior position, she has the supreme folly to refuse him."

"What you call folly may be her idea of wisdom," answered the rector. "She may do better than Turchill—a young man of excellent family, but with very humdrum surroundings, and a frightful dead-weight in that mother, who I believe has a life-interest in the estate, which would prevent his striking out in any way till she is under the turf. Such a girl as Daphne should do better than Edgar Turchill. She is wise to wait for her chances."

"How worldly you are, Marmaduke! It shocks me to hear such sentiments from a minister of the Gospel."

"My dear, he who was in every attribute a model for ministers of the Gospel boasted that he was all things to all men. When I discuss worldly matters I talk as a man of the world. I think Daphne ought to make a brilliant marriage. She has the finest eyes I have seen for a long time—always excepting those which illuminate my own fireside," he added, smiling benignly on his wife.

"Oh, pray make no exception," she answered, snappishly. "I never pretended to be a beauty, though my features are certainly more regular than Daphne's. I am a genuine Lawford, and the Lawfords have had straight noses from time immemorial. Daphne takes after her unhappy mother."

"Ah, poor thing!" sighed the rector. "She was a lovely young creature when Lawford brought her home."

"Daphne resembles her to a most unfortunate degree," said Aunt Rhoda.

"A sad story," sighed the rector—"a sad story."

"I think it would better become us to forget it," said his wife.

"My love, it was you who spoke of poor Lady Lawford."

"Marmaduke, I am disgusted at the tone you take about her. Poor Lady Lawford, indeed! I consider her quite the most execrable woman I ever heard of."

"She was beautiful; men told her so, and she believed them. She was tempted; and she was weak. Execrable is a hard word, Rhoda. She never injured you."

"She blighted my brother's life. Do you suppose I can easily forgive that? You men are always ready to make excuses for a pretty woman. I heard of Colonel Kirkbank the other day. Lady Hetheridge met him at Baden—a wreck. They say he is immensely rich. He has never married, it seems."

"That at least is a grace in him.

"'His honor rooted in dishonor stood,
And faith unfaithful kept him falsely true.'"

"You are in a sentimental mood this evening, Marmaduke," sneered Rhoda. "One would suppose that you had been in love with my brother's second wife."

"She has been so long in her grave that I don't think you and I need quarrel if I confess that I admired her. There is a look in Daphne's face, now she has grown up, that recalls her mother almost painfully. I hope Todd won't burn that pheasant, Rhoda. I'm afraid she is getting a little careless. The last was as dry as a stick."

Scotland made up for a chilly and inferior summer by an altogether superior autumn. The days were ever so much fairer and a little longer on that wild north coast than they were in Warwickshire; and tempted by the beauty of sky and sea, backed by the urgent desire of his bachelor friend, the skipper of the smart schooner-rigged yacht *Kelpie*, Gerald Goring staid much longer than he had intended to stay, atoning, so far as he could atone, for his prolonged absence by writing his betrothed the most delightful letters, and sending a weekly packet of sepia sketches, which reflected every phase of sea and sky, rock and hill. To describe these things with his brush was as easy to Gerald as it is to other men to describe with their pens.

"It is an idle, dreamy life," he wrote. "When I am not shooting land fowl on the hills, or water fowl from my dingey, I sit on the deck and sketch till I grow almost into a sea vegetable—a zoophyte which contracts and expands with a faintly pleasurable sensation, and calls that life. I read no end of poetry—Byron, Shelley, Keats, and that book whose wisdom and whose sublimity no amount of reading ever can dry up, Goethe's *Faust*. I want no new books, the old ones are inexhaustible. Curiosity may tempt me to look at a new writer; but in an age of literary mediocrity I go back for choice to the Titans of the past. Do you think I am scornful of your favorites, Tennyson and Browning? No, love. They too are Titans; but we shall value them more when they have received the divine honors that can only come after death.

"I am longing to be with you, and yet I feel that I am doing myself a world of good in this rough open-air life. I was getting a little moped at the Abbey. The place is so big and so dreary, like the palace of the sleeping beauty—waiting to wake into life and brightness at the coming of love and you. The lonely rooms are haunted by my dear mother's image, and by the sense of my loss. When you come I shall be so happy in the present that the pain of past sorrow will be softened.

"I sit sketching these romantic caves—where we earn our dinner by shooting the innocent rock-pigeons—and thinking of you, and of my delight in showing you this coast next autumn.

"Yes, love, we will have a yacht. I know you are fond of the sea. Your sister is a fanatic in her love of the water. How she will delight in these islands!"

He thought of Daphne sometimes as he sat in the bow of the boat, lulled almost to slumber by the rise and fall of the waves gently lapping the hull. His brush fell idle across the little tin box, and he gave himself up to listless reverie. How Daphne would love this free, unfettered life—a life in which there were no formalities; no sitting prim and straight at an orderly dinner table; no conventional sequence of every-day ceremonies in a hideous monotony. It was a roving gypsy life which must needs please that erratic soul.

"Poor little Daphne! It is strange that she and I don't get on better," he said to himself. "We were such capital friends at Fontainebleau. Perhaps the recollection of that day is in some way disagreeable to her. She has been very stand-offish to me ever since—except by fits and starts. There are times when she forgets to be formal, and then she is charming."

Yes, there had been times—times when all that was picturesque and poetical in her nature asserted itself, and when her future brother-in-law succumbed to the spell, and admired her just a little more warmly than he felt to be well for his peace, or perchance for hers.

Perhaps he too had been somewhat formal—had fenced himself round with forms and ceremonies, lest some lurking sentiment which he had never dared to analyze, or even to think about, should grow stronger. He wanted to be honest; he wanted to be true and loyal. But the lovely young face, so piquant, so entrancing in its exquisite girlishness, came across his fancies too often for perfect repose of conscience. The memory of those two summer days at Fontainebleau—idle, foolish, unconsidered hours—was an ever-present part of his mind. It was so small a thing, yet it haunted him. How much better it would have been, he thought, if Daphne had been more candid; had allowed him to speak freely of that innocent adventure! Concealment gave it a flavor of guilt. A hundred times he had been on the point of letting out the secret by this or that allusion, when Daphne's blush and the quiver of Daphne's lip had startled him into caution. This made a secret understanding between them in spite of him, and it worried him to think that there should be any such hidden bond.

Madoline was the love of his life, the hope and glory of his days. He had no doubt as to his feelings about her. From his boyhood he had admired, revered, and loved her. He was only three years her senior, and in their early youth the delicately nurtured, carefully educated girl, reared among grown-up people, and far in advance of her years, had seemed in all intellectual things the boy's superior. Lady Geraldine was idle and self-indulgent; she petted and spoiled her son, but she taught him nothing. Had he not a private tutor—a young clergyman who preferred the luxurious leisure of the Abbey to the hard work of a curacy—and was not his education sufficiently provided for when this well-recommended young Oxonian had been engaged at a munificent salary? The young Oxonian was as fond of shooting, billiards, cricket, and boating as his pupil, so the greater part of Gerald's early youth was devoted to these accomplishments; and it was only the boy's natural aptitude for learning whatever he wished to learn which saved him from being a dunce. At fifteen he was transferred to Eton, where he found better cricketing and a better river than in Warwickshire.

From Lady Geraldine the boy had received no bent toward high thoughts or a noble ambition. She loved him passionately, but with a love that was both weak and selfish. She would have had him educated at home, a boudoir sybarite, to lie on the Persian rug at her feet and read frivolous books in fine bindings; to sit by her side when she drove; to be pampered and idolized and utterly ruined. The father's strong sense interfered to prevent this. Mr. Giles-Goring was no classic, and he was a self-taught mathematician, while the boy's tutor had taken honors in both branches of learning; but he was clever enough to see that the home education was a mockery, that the lad was being flattered by an obsequious tutor and spoiled by a foolish mother. He sent the Oxonian about his business, and took the boy to Eton, not before Lady Geraldine had done him as much harm as a doting mother can do to a beloved son. She had taught him, unintentionally and unconsciously, to despise his father. She had taught him to consider himself, by right of his likeness to her and his keen sympathy with all her thoughts and fancies and prejudices—a sympathy to which she had unconsciously trained and schooled him—as belonging to her class and not to his father's. The low-born father was an accident in his life—a good, endurable man, and to be respected after a fashion for his lowly worth, but spiritually, eclectically, æsthetically, of no kin with the son who bore his name, and who was to inherit, and perhaps waste, his hard-won wealth.

The mother and son had a code of signals, little looks and subtle smiles, with which they communicated their ideas before the blunt, plain-spoken father. Lady Geraldine never spoke against her husband, nor did she descend, even in moments of confidence, to vulgar ridicule. "So like your father!" she would say, with her languid smile, of any honest, unconventional act or speech of Mr. Giles-Goring's; and it must be confessed that Mr. Giles-Goring was one of those impulsive, outspoken men who do somewhat exercise a wife's patience. Lady Geraldine never lost her temper with him; she was never rude; she never overtly thwarted his wishes, or opposed his plans; but she shrugged her graceful shoulders, and lifted her delicately pencilled eyebrows, and allowed her son to understand what an impassable gulf yawned between her, the daughter of a hundred earls—or at least half a dozen—and the self-made millionaire.

Escaping from the stifling moral atmosphere of his mother's boudoir, Gerald found his first ideas of a higher and a nobler life at South Hill. At the Abbey he had been taught to believe that there were two good things in the world, rank and money; but that even rank, the very flower of life, must droop and fade if not manured with gold. At South Hill he learned to think lightly of both, and to aspire to something better than either. For the sake of being praised and admired by Madoline, he worked, almost honestly, at Eton and Oxford. She kindled his ambition, and, inspired by her, his youth and talent blossomed into poetry. He sat up late at nights writing impassioned verse. He dashed off wild stanzas in the "To Thyrza" style, when his brain was fired by the mild orgies of a modern wine, and the fiercer rapture of a modern bear-fight. And Madoline was his only Thyrza. He was not a man who could find his Egeria in every street. For a little while he fancied that it was in him to be a second Byron; that the divine breath inflated his lungs; that he had but to strike on the cithara for the divine accords to come. He strummed cleverly enough upon the sacred strings, spoiled a good deal of clean paper, and amused himself considerably. Then, failing, by one of those combinations of stupidity and short-sightedness in the adjudicators which sometimes occur, to win the prize for English verse, he turned his back upon the Muses, and henceforward spoke with ridicule of his poetic adolescence. Still, the Muse had exercised her elevating influence; and, inspired by her and by Madoline, Gerald Goring had learned to despise those lesser aims which his mother had held before him as the sublimities of life.

He was fond of art, and had a marked talent for painting; but as he never extended his labors or his studies beyond the amateur's easy course, he was not likely to rise above the amateur level. Why should a man who is sure to inherit a million submit to the drudgery of severe technical training in order to take the bread out of the mouths of painters who must needs live by their art? Gerald painted a little, now landscape, now figure, as the spirit moved him; sculptured a little, poetized a little, set a little song of his own to music now and then to please Lina, and was altogether accomplished and interesting; but he would have liked to be great, to have had his name bandied about for praise or blame upon the lips of men, and it irked him somewhat to know and feel that he was not of the stuff which makes great men, or, in other words, that he entirely lacked that power of sustained industry which alone achieves greatness. For his own inward satisfaction, and for Lina's sake, he would have liked to distinguish himself. But the pathway of life had been made fatally smooth for him; it lay through a land of flowery pastures and running brooks, a happy valley of all earthly delights; and how could any man be resolute enough to turn aside from all sensuous pleasures to climb rugged, rocky hills in pursuit of some perchance unattainable spiritual delight? There was so much that wealth could give him that it would have been hardly natural for Gerald Goring to live laborious days for the sake of the one thing which wealth could not give. He had just that dreamy poetic temperament which can clothe sensual joys with the glory and radiance of the intellectual. Politics, state-craft, he frankly detested; science he considered an insult to poetry. He would have liked the stir and excitement, the fever and glory, of war, but not the daily dry-as-dust work of a soldier's life, or the hardships of campaigning. He was not an unbeliever, but his religious belief was too vague for a Churchman. Having failed to distinguish himself as a poet, and being too idle to succeed as a painter, he saw no royal road to fame open to him, and so was content to fall back from the race, and enjoy the delicious repose of an utterly aimless life. He pictured to himself a future in which there should be no crumpled rose leaf: a wife in all things perfect, fondly loved, admired, respected; children as lovely as a poet's dream of childhood; an existence passed in the fairest scenes of earth, with such endless variety of background as unlimited wealth can give. He would not, like Tiberius, build himself a dozen villas upon one rock-bound island, but he would make his temporary nest in every valley and by every lake, striking his tents before ever satiety could dull the keen edge of pleasure.

Nor should this ideal life, though aimless, be empty of good works. Madoline should have *carte blanche* for the gratification of her benevolent schemes, great or small, and he would be ready to help her with counsel and sympathy, provided always that he were not called upon to work, or to put himself *en rapport* with professional philanthropists—a most useful class, no doubt, but obnoxious to him as a lover of ease and pleasure.

He had looked forward with placid self-satisfaction to this life ever since his engagement, and indeed for some time before that solemn betrothal. From his boyhood he had loved Madoline, and had believed himself beloved by her. Betrothal followed almost as a matter of course. Lady Geraldine had spoken of the engagement as a settled thing ever so long before the lovers had bound themselves each to each. She had told Lina that she was to be her daughter, the only girl she could love as her son's wife: and when Gerald was away at Oxford, Lina had spent half her life at Goring with his mother, talking about him, worshipping him, as men are worshipped sometimes by women infinitely above them.

From the time of his engagement—nay, from the time when first his boyish heart recognized a mistress—Gerald's affection for Madoline had known no change or diminution. Never had his soul wavered. Nor did it waver in his regard and reverence for her now, as he sat on the sun-lit deck of the *Kelpie* in this fair autumn weather, his brush lying idle by his side, his thoughts perplexed and wandering. Yet there was a jar in the harmony of his life, a dissonant interval somewhere in the music. The thought of Daphne troubled him. He had a suspicion that she was not happy. Gay and sparkling as she was at times, she was prone to fits of silence and sullenness unaccountable in so young a creature, unless it were that she cherished some secret grief, and that the hidden fox so many of us carry had his tooth in her young breast.

He was no coxcomb, not in the least degree inclined to suppose that women had a natural bent toward falling in love with him; yet in this case he was troubled by the suspicion that Daphne's stand-offishness was not so much a token of indifference or dislike as the sign of a deeper feeling. She had been so variable in her manner to him—now all sweet, and anon all sour; now avoiding him, now showing but too plainly her intense delight in his presence, by subtlest signs, by sudden blushes, by loveliest looks, by faintly quivering lip or trembling hand, by the swift lighting up of her whole face at his coming, by the low veiled tones of her soft sweet voice. Yes, by too many a sign and token—fighting her hardest to hide her secret all the time—she had given him ground for suspecting that she loved him.

He recalled, with unspeakable pain, her pale, distressed face that day of their first meeting at South Hill—the absolute horror in her widely opened eyes, the deadly coldness of her trembling hand. Why had she called her boat by that ridiculous name? and why had she been so anxious to cancel it? The thought of these things disturbed his peace. She was so lovely, so innocent, so wild, so willful!

"My bright spirit of the woods," he said to himself, "I should like your fate to be happy. And yet—and yet—"

He dared not shape his thought further, but the question was in his mind: "Would I like her fate to be far apart from mine?"

Why had she rejected Edgar Turchill—a man so honestly, so obviously devoted to her; able, one might suppose, to sympathize with all her girlish fancies, to gratify every whim?

"She ought to like him; she must be made to like him," he said to himself, his heart suddenly aglow with virtuous, almost heroical, resolve.

His heart had thrilled that night in the shadow of the walnut boughs when he heard Daphne's contemptuous rejection of her lover. He had been guiltily glad. And yet he was ready to do his duty; he was eager to play the mediator, and win the girl for that true-hearted lover. He meant to be loyal.

"Poor Daphne!" he sighed. "Her cradle was shadowed by a guilty mother's folly. She has been cheated out of her father's love. She need have some one of life's blessings to make amends for all she has lost. Edgar would make an admirable husband."

The *Kelpie* turned her nose toward home next day, and soon Gerald was dreamily watching the play of sunbeam and shadow on the heathery slopes above the Kyles of Bute, very near Greenock and the station, and the express train that was to carry him home. He turned his back almost reluctantly on the sea life, the unfettered bachelor habits. Though he longed to see Madoline again, almost as fondly as he had longed for her four months ago when he was leaving Bergen, yet there was a curious indefinable pain mingled with the lover's yearning. An image thrust itself between him and his own true love; a haunting shape was mingled with all his dreams of the future.

"Pray God she may marry soon, and have children, and get matronly, and dull, and stupid!" he said to himself, savagely, "and then I shall forget the dryad of Fontainebleau."

He travelled all night, and got to Stratford early in the afternoon. He had given no notice of his coming, either at the Abbey or South Hill, and his first visit was naturally to the house that held his betrothed. His limbs were cramped and stiffened by the long journey, and he dispatched his valet and his portmanteau to Goring in a fly, and walked across the fields to South Hill. It was a long walk, and he took his time about it, stopping now and then to look somewhat wistfully at the brown river, on whose breast the scattered leaves were drifting. The sky was dull and gray, with only faint patches of wintry sunlight in the west; the atmosphere was heavy, and the year seemed ever so much older here than in Scotland.

He passed Baddesley and Arden, with only a glance across the smooth lawn at the Rectory, where the china-asters were in their glory, and the majolica vases under the rustic veranda made bright spots of color in the autumn gloom. Then, instead of taking the meadow path to South Hill, he chose the longer way, and followed the windings of the Avon, intending to let himself into the South Hill grounds by the little gate near Daphne's boat-house.

He was within about a quarter of a mile of the boat-house when he saw a spot of scarlet gleaming amidst the shadows of the rustic roof. The boat-house was a thatched erection of the Noah's Ark pattern, and the front was open to the water. Below this thatched gable end, and on a level with the river, showed the vivid spot of red. Gerald quickened his pace unconsciously, with a curious eagerness to solve the mystery of that bit of color.

Yes, it was as he had fancied. It was Daphne, seated alone and dejected on the keel of her boat. The yellow collie darted out and leaped up at him, growling and snapping, as he drew near her. Daphne looked at him—or he so fancied—with a piteous, half-beseeching gaze. She was very pale, and he thought she looked wretchedly ill.

"Have you been ill?" he asked, eagerly, as they shook hands. "Quiet, you mongrel!" to the suspicious Goldie.

"Never was better in my life," she answered, briskly.

"Then your looks belie you. I was afraid you had been seriously ill."

"Don't you think if I had, Lina would have mentioned it to you in a postscript, or a nota bene, or something?"

"Of course."

"I detest cold weather, and I am chilled to the bone in spite of this thick shawl," she answered, lightly, glancing at the scarlet wrap which had caught Gerald's eye afar.

"I wonder you choose such a spot as this for your afternoon meditations. It is certainly about the dampest and chilliest place you could find."

"I did not come here to meditate, but to read," answered Daphne. "I have got Browning's new poem, and it requires a great deal of hard thinking before one can quite appreciate it; and if I tell you that Aunt Rhoda is in the drawing-room, and means to stick there till dinner-time, you will not require any further reason for my being here."

"That's dreadful. Yet I must face the Gorgon. I am dying to see Lina."

"Naturally; and she will be enraptured at your return," answered Daphne, in her most natural manner. "She has been expecting you every day i' the hour."

"Eh?"

"'For in a minute there are many days'—Shakspeare."

"Thank God! I don't object to the bard of Avon half so strongly now. I have been in a country where everybody quotes an uncouth rhymster whom they call Bobbie Bairrns. Shakspeare seems almost civilized in comparison. Will you walk up to the house with me?"

She looked down at her open book. She had not been reading when he came unawares upon her solitude. He had seen that; just as surely as he had seen the faint convulsive movement of her throat, the start, the pallor, that marked her surprise at his coming. He had acquired a fatal habit of watching and analyzing her emotions, and it seemed to him that she had brightened since his coming, that new light and color had returned to her face; almost as you may see the revival of a flower that has drooped in the drought, and which revivifies under the gentle summer rain.

She looked at her book doubtfully, as if she would like to say no.

"You had better come with me. It is nearly tea-time, and I know you are dying for a cup of tea. I never knew a woman that wasn't."

"Exhausted nature tells me that it is tea-time. Yes, I suppose I had better come."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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A CONFIDENTIAL AGENT.

By JAMES PAYN,

Author of "At Her Mercy," "Bred in the Bone," "Beggar on Horseback," "Walter's Word," "Under One Roof," "High Spirits," etc.

CHAPTER LIII.

CONCLUSION.

Though Lady Pargiter was herself merciless, she was the cause of mercy in others (which, perhaps, may be the reason, otherwise inexplicable, why such people are permitted to exist). Taking into account what she had suffered, and how the sparkling pride of her life had, as in a fairy tale, been changed into a handful of worthless pebbles, Matthew Helston withdrew from the prosecution of her ladyship for malicious libel. So strongly, however, was Uncle Roger for going on with it, that it would, perhaps, have been proceeded with but for Sabey's opposition.

"Pray, pray, let us have peace," she said. "God has been so good to us; let us not persecute any creature He has made."

"Prosecute, prosecute," suggested Mr. Barlow, in gentle defense of the methods of legal procedure; but Sabey had made no mistake in what she meant to say, and carried her point.

There was nothing now, indeed, which, having once resolved upon, she failed to carry. She was the captain of the ship, and Amy the most efficient of first lieutenants. Matthew, as we know, had never aspired to domestic rule; and Uncle Stephen and Mr. Barlow had become her slaves. They felt that they could never make her reparation enough for a certain offense of the commission of which she remained ignorant to her dying day.

Uncle Roger, disenchanted of Cousin Dick, and earnestly desirous of a reconciliation with his only nephew, perceived that the shortest and surest way to it was through the good offices of his wife, and thus completed the sum of her subjects. He had counted on getting Matthew back to Latbury as his partner, and flattered himself, indeed, that he would have "jumped at the offer." He declined it, or rather Sabey declined it for him, with the most gracious thanks. "My husband is a man of genius," she said, "but it does not lie in the legal direction. He is the inventor of the Butterfly Nut."

"Confound that Madge!" muttered Uncle Roger (we may be sure inaudibly), and complained most bitterly of his disappointment to Mr. Durham. "It would serve Matthew right," he said, "if I left all my money to a hospital."

"Very likely, my dear sir," replied Uncle Stephen; "only nobody *is* served right in this world."

"But what if I mean to do it, sir?" returned the old gentleman, irascibly.

"Then it's quite certain not to happen," was the quiet reply. "Nothing does happen—it is not *my* remark—except the Unexpected. I used to think Matthew the most unlucky man in the world. He reminded one of Thomas Tusser, who spread his bread with all sorts of butter, and none of it would stick; yet see what a fortune he is making out of Madge after all."

"But he was all wrong about her; he can't make her move an inch."

"Of course not. If he did that, my theory would be established beyond all question. But though the Butterfly Nut failed there, the principle of the flying screw has been established by it. He could have ten thousand pounds for the patent to-morrow. Look at the Pargiter diamonds—paste! Look at John Rutherford, supposed to have lied more than Charles the Ninth or the Duke of Gloucester, yet who stated the facts as he believed them."

"A nasty poaching vagabond," argued Uncle Roger, "who, Mr. Brail says, had meant to kill Matthew with a pistol, on his own account."

"That is another mistake, my dear sir. He bought the pistol to defend him against the designs of Dartmoor. We have heard all about it from the man's own lips."

"Then why didn't he tell us about Dartmoor's designs?"

"Well, that again is curious. Rutherford is a man of his word (another example of the unexpected in a cabman, by-the-way), and had promised not to betray them; and as he was quite certain in his own mind (and therefore wrong, of course) that he had left Matthew at Lady Pargiter's, and that consequently Dartmoor could have had no hand in his disappearance, he held his tongue. Then, again, can anything—between ourselves—have been more unexpected than the conduct of our friend Mr. Barlow? I confess I used to think but very little of him."

"A devilish sharp young fellow," put in Uncle Roger.

Uncle Stephen shrugged his shoulders. "Possibly; sharp, but narrow, like a needle—no head. Well, see how nobly he has come out of all this! But for him our Matthew would have been lost to us."

"True," answered Uncle Roger; "I am indebted to him for that."

"Notwithstanding the hospital," put in the other, slyly.

"Bother the hospital, sir. I shall give Barlow my London business."

It was really astonishing how that visit to Paris had developed Mr. Barlow's character. Of course it was not the mere going abroad—for there is no evidence that Mr. Cook's excursionists are intellectually any the better for that—but the experience of life that had been opened up to him. It had evoked all sorts of qualities and feelings at the existence of which in him only one person in the world had guessed. In short, at bottom he was worthy of her.

Before Amy married him he had become as a brother of his blood to Matthew; for had he not seen poor Phœbe at the very last and done his best to avenge her? Sabey, of course, knew all about it, and sympathized with him as only a good woman can with a rival—who is dead. Matthew did not talk much of his unhappy first love, but he thought about her a good deal—always tenderly, purely, and with gratitude. It was curious, and went to confirm Uncle Stephen's theory, that the nature of this man, so reticent and unsocial, should have been so thoroughly known and appreciated by three women; two of whom may be said to have lived for him, and one to have died for him.

It may be taken for granted that when a man is beloved—in honest fashion—by more than one woman, he is deserving of love.

As to Uncle Stephen and Uncle Roger, I don't know which idolized their nephew most; and in one case at least it was quite independent of his success in the world. The success, however, had, I think, some influence upon his own character; it unconsciously expanded under it in a genial and wholesome way, like a flower that, after a long winter, feels the kiss of the sun. He had no more disappointments, and only one regret. Yet, after all, was it not better even for poor Phœbe herself that she was dead?

In the same desk in which had been discovered that memorandum of his tender forethought for her, there was now a scrap of paper, torn and blood-stained, on which was scrawled the words that had saved Matthew's life; and on them—it is no dishonor to his manhood to confess it—he never looked without a tear.

THE END.

PREPARING CHRISTMAS GREENS.

On our first page will be found an illustration of the manner in which the Christmas trees and wreaths so abundant in our markets in the holiday season are gathered and prepared. The trees are cut either in New Jersey or Maine for the New York market, and shipped here by the thousand. The evergreen vines of which the wreaths are made come mostly from Maine, and the business of weaving them is intrusted chiefly to women and children, who become very expert at the task. The trade in these wreaths and trees is quite extensive, and gives employment to a large number of people.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"I acted Werner languidly," says Macready in his *Diaries*. "A circumstance in the play amused me a good deal, and at my own expense. I was inconvenienced and rather annoyed by Ulric looking on the ground, or anywhere but in my face, as he should have done. My displeasure, however, vanished on seeing the tears fast trickling down his cheek, and forgiving his inaccuracy on the score of his sensibility, I continued the scene with augmented energy and feeling, and left it with a very favorable impression of the young man's judgment and warm-heartedness. In the course of the play he accosted me, begging my pardon for his apparent inattention to me, and explaining the cause, viz., that he had painted his face so high on the cheek that the color had got into his eyes, and kept them running during the whole act. What an unfortunate disclosure!"

"I have been told, doctor," said a fretful patient, troubled with insomnia, "that a man can go to sleep if he will only firmly and resolutely fix his mind on nothing." "Think of yourself, then," advised the doctor, bluntly.

GETTING THINGS MIXED.

Scene: *Parish Kirk in Strathendrick.*

Minister (*in course of his sermon*). "Cheat, rob, steal, and see what will come out of it."

Old Woman (*at door, as congregation is dispersing*). "Wha's this Rab Steel that the minister's sae doon on?"

Neighbor. "Oh, that's a man that yince cheated him, an' that he disna like."

Old Woman (*satisfied*). "Weel, it's a great shame o' the minister tae go on like that in the pu'pit; shaerly he ought tae show a better example tae the folk."

EXPLICIT—A FACT.

Employer. "Well, did you leave the parcel with any of the men?"

Messenger. "Nane o' them were in. Neither thingumy, nor what-ye-may-ca'-him, nor the ither man."

A THOROUGH UNBELIEVER.

Hale Visitor (*to invalid, who has just arrived, confident of a cure*). "What? Feel your legs drag, with a weight down your back, and have got so deaf that you can hardly hear what I'm saying? Ah, then it's quite clear *you've been at the waters.*"

Free of Charge.—An empty gun.

Cockney Maxim.—The proof of the pudding is in the heating of it.

A NICE DISTINCTION.

Friend. "Div ye like music, Tougal?"

Tougal. "Och ay! Putt she likes singin' petter."

Why is a selfish friend like the letter "p"?—Because, though the first in pity, he is the last in help.

Gracie's first Experience in eating a Peach.—"I've eaten it, cloth and all, mamma; now what shall I do with the bone?"

THE ART OF POLITENESS.

Hostess. "Now, Reginald dear, what would you like—a piece of cake?"

Reginald. "Yes."

Hostess. "Yes, if you— Yes, if you what?"

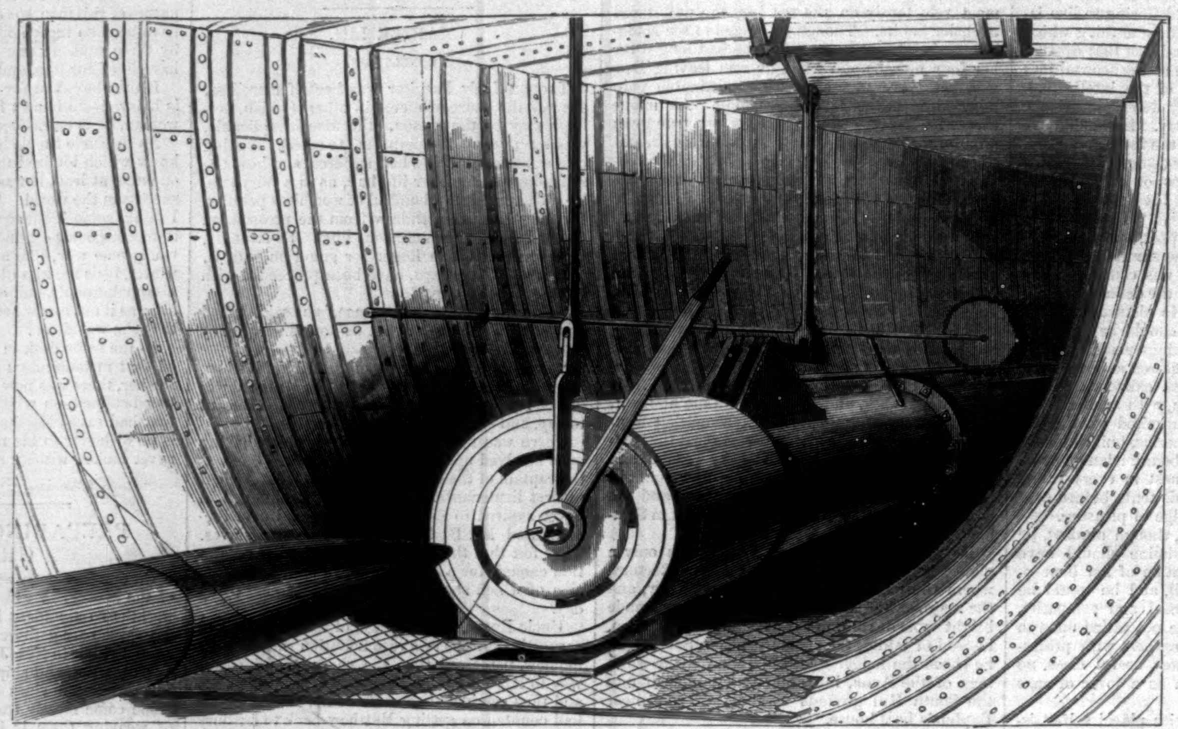
Reginald. "Yes, if you like."

One Sunday evening a well-known revivalist preached from the text, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?" In the audience there was an engineer named Saul, who was accompanied by his wife and little girl. The reverend gentleman repeated his text several times, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?" At last the daughter of Saul, thinking that the text had a personal application, looked up into the face of her parent, and said, "Don't mind him, father; he's been drinking."

THE "DESTROYER."

THE accompanying illustration represents a foreshortened view of the submarine gun of Captain ERICSSON's torpedo vessel *Destroyer*. This novel piece of ordnance is thirty feet long, sixteen inches calibre, and, owing to its great length, is made in three sections, which are bolted together, the breech section being re-enforced by a series of steel hoops. It will be seen that the breech is represented closed, the mechanism for handling the breech-plug and for operating a sea-valve at the muzzle of the gun being shown in perspective. The forward end of the projectile torpedo is represented in the place it occupies previous to being inserted in the gun. The projectile torpedo is twenty-five feet six inches long, sixteen inches in diameter, its weight being 1500 pounds, including 250 pounds of explosive matter. The initial velocity is fully 160 miles an hour, while the recent trial shows that it traverses the first 310 feet in three seconds.

The *Destroyer* is intended to supersede the English steam-rams. It attacks bows on, and being protected by inclined transverse armor, it defies the opponent's fire. The explosive charge of the projectile torpedo being sufficient to shatter the hull of any vessel, it is supposed that this formidable weapon is capable of destroying armored vessels of all classes. In addition to the enormous velocity of the projectile, the *Destroyer* is capable of overtaking iron-clad ships.



THE GUN OF ERICSSON'S TORPEDO-BOAT THE "DESTROYER."—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM.

MR. JOHN KELLY DEPOSED.

THERE were exciting scenes in the New York City Hall on Friday, the 10th of December, when the Board of Aldermen met for action upon Mayor COOPER's nominations for the Comptrollership and other city offices. The chamber was densely crowded. Every seat in the gallery was filled, and every foot of standing room inside the half-circle made by the Aldermen's desks was occupied by men who make their living, or who hope to do so, out of politics. It was well understood that the action of the Board would have the effect either to confirm or break the political supremacy of Mr. KELLY, and the adherents of Tammany and Anti-Tammany were present in full force.

The preliminary skirmishing in the Board in regard to the reception of the Mayor's communications showed that the KELLY Democrats were in a hopeless minority. Thereupon they assumed a lofty moral tone, accused their opponents of selling out the Democratic party, and of sacrificing for paltry considerations a great Democratic leader and statesman. This had no effect, however, and the Mayor's nominations were confirmed without exception. The most important were those of Mr. ALLAN CAMPBELL to succeed Mr. JOHN KELLY as Comptroller of the city of New York, Mr. WILLIAM C. WHITNEY as Corporation Counsel, Mr. HUBERT O. THOMPSON as Commissioner of Public Works for four years, in place of Mr. CAMPBELL, and Mr. SALEM H. WALES as Park Commissioner for six years, in place of Mr. JAMES F. WENMAN.

Mr. ALLAN CAMPBELL, the new Comptroller, is well known to the citizens of New York as a gentleman of proved ability and long experience in railway affairs. He is a native of Albany, and about sixty-five years of age. He has always acted with the Democratic party, but held no political office until, in January, 1874, he was nominated by Mayor WICKHAM to succeed General FITZ-JOHN PORTER as Commissioner of Public Works—an office which he has filled with signal ability. Mr. CAMPBELL was educated to be a civil engineer, and so great was his proficiency that he became chief engineer of a railroad at the age of twenty-one. He was employed on the Ithaca and Oswego Railroad, and then on the Erie Canal, and subsequently on the Ohio River improvements. In 1850 he accepted a tempting offer from the Chilian government, and went to Chili. There he built the first railroad that was ever run in South America. In 1856 he returned to this city, and became Chief Engineer and then President of the New York and Harlem Railroad, and he held the Presidency of that corporation six years.

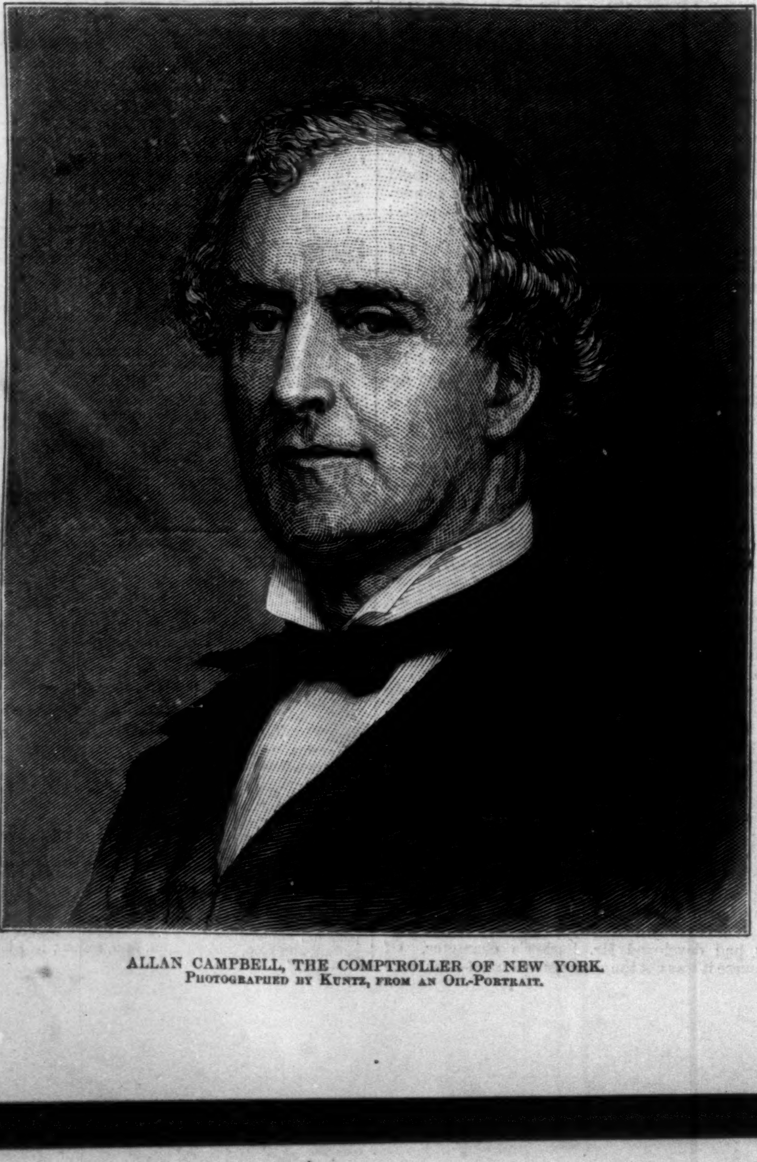
In the war of the rebellion Mr. CAMPBELL was made engineer of the harbor defenses constructed for the protection of this port. He was also connected with Commodore VANDERBILT in the Harlem Railroad improvement, and as superintendent of that work added fresh laurels to his already enviable reputation as a civil engineer; and when the promoters of the lines of railroad across the continent were casting about for men of high rank in his profession, Mr. CAMPBELL was made chief engineer in the construction of the Pacific Railroad. At the time of his nomination as Commissioner of Public Works he was President of the Consolidated Coal Company of Maryland—an office which he had held for several years.

Mr. WHITNEY has held the office of Corporation Counsel for two terms. Mr. THOMPSON was Deputy Commissioner of Public Works under Mr. CAMPBELL for three years, and was afterward appointed County Clerk. Mr. WALES has been a Commissioner of Public Parks, and was subsequently President of the Dock Commission. Mr. HUGH GARDNER was formerly President of the Police Board. Mr. M. J. POWER was a clerk of the Marine Court. Mr. MORRIS FRIEDSAM has been for a number of years a school trustee in the Fourth Ward. Mr. WILLIAM LAIMBEER has filled several important offices, and Mr. S. B. SMITH is Secretary of the Republican Central Committee.

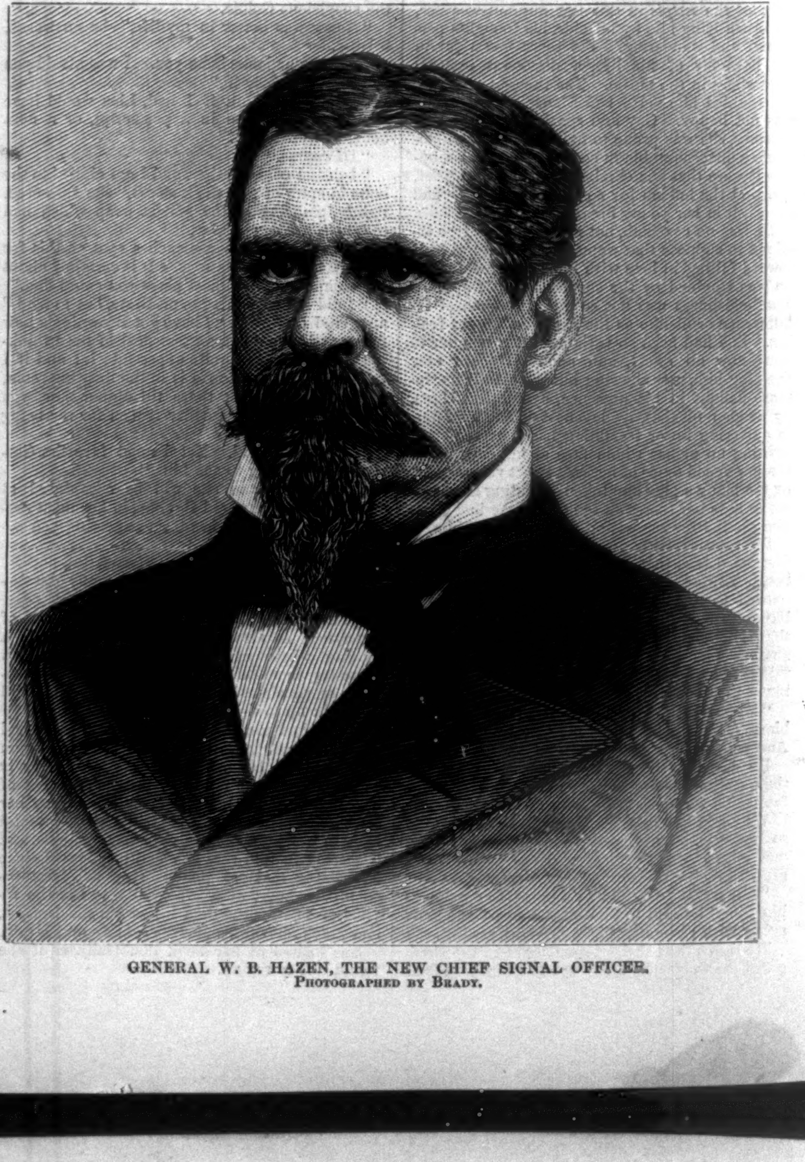
GENERAL WILLIAM B. HAZEN.

GENERAL HAZEN, who has been appointed Chief Signal Officer of the Army as successor of the late General MYER, was born in West Hartford, Windsor County, Vermont, on the 27th of September, 1830. In 1833 his father's family removed to Huron, Portage County, Ohio. From this town he was appointed to West Point, where he graduated in 1855. He took part in some of our interminable Indian wars, and in 1861 was promoted to a first-lieutenancy. A few months later he received a captain's commission.

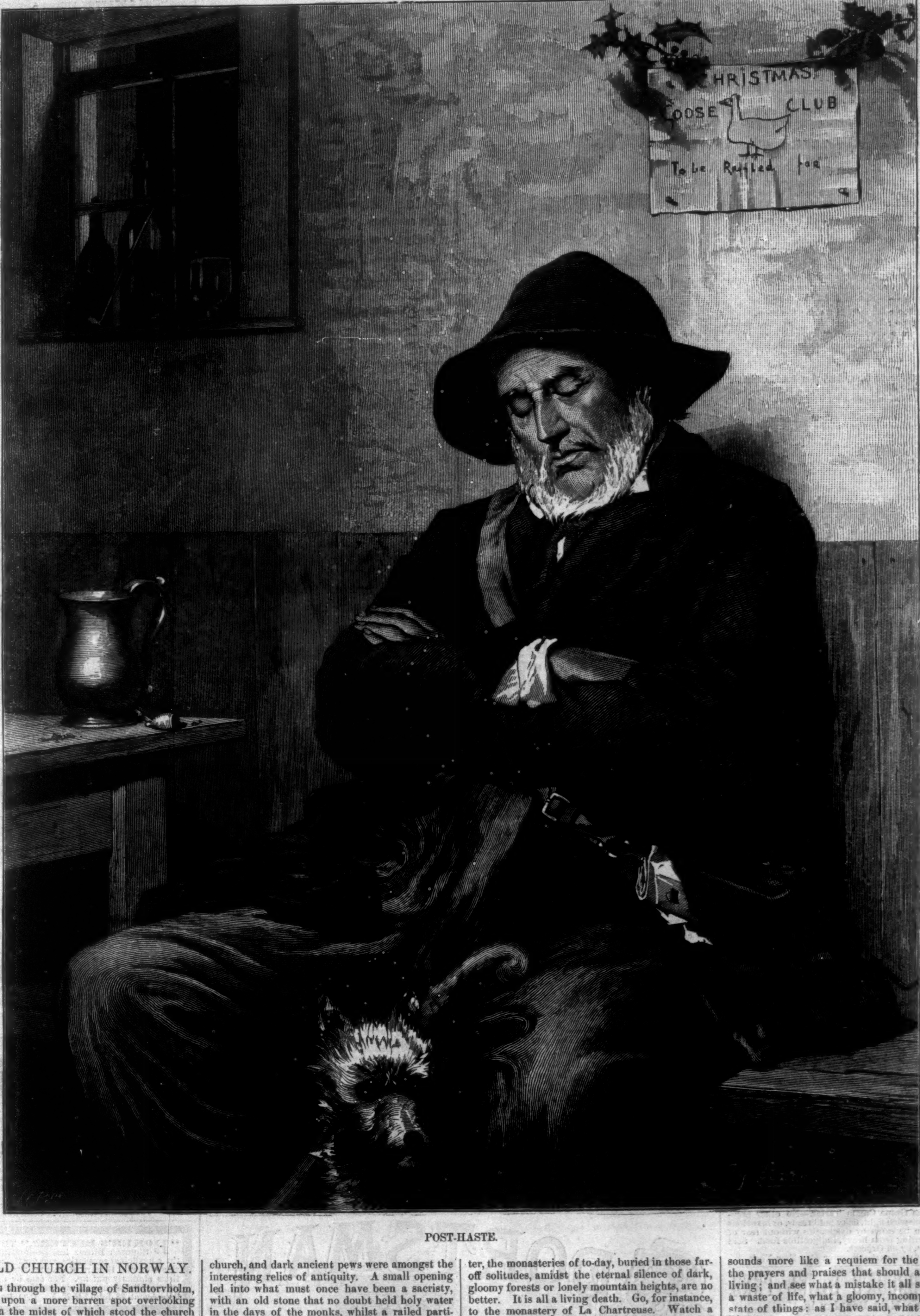
Soon after the outbreak of the war of the rebellion he was granted leave of absence from West Point, where he had been assigned as Assistant Professor of Infantry Tactics, with authority to take charge of the Forty-first Regiment of Ohio Volunteer Infantry. During the war, for gallant service at the battles of Chickamauga and Chattanooga, and at the capture of Atlanta and Fort McAllister, he was promoted until he attained the rank of Brevet Brigadier-General, and on April 20, 1865, he was commissioned Major-General of Volunteers, to rank from December 13, 1864, "for long and continued service of the highest character, and for special gallantry and service at Fort McAllister." Early in 1866 he was mustered out of the Volunteer service, and was appointed Colonel of the Thirty-eighth Infantry. About three years later he was transferred to the Sixth Infantry. While on leave of absence he was present with the Prussian army during its investment of Paris. From August, 1877, to June, 1878, he was military attaché to the United States Legation at Vienna, Austria. General HAZEN is the author of an admirable book entitled *The School and the Army in Germany and France*, in which he traced the superiority of the German soldiers to the thorough training they had received in the common schools of their country. He has also written a volume on the *Barren Lands of the Interior of the United States*. General HAZEN is a man of great ability, and admirably fitted to fulfill the duties of his new position.



ALLAN CAMPBELL, THE COMPTROLLER OF NEW YORK.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY KUNTZ, FROM AN OIL-PORTRAIT.



GENERAL W. B. HAZEN, THE NEW CHIEF SIGNAL OFFICER.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.



POST-HASTE.

AN OLD CHURCH IN NORWAY.

Passing through the village of Sandtorvholm, we came upon a more barren spot overlooking the sea, in the midst of which stood the church of Throndenaes. It is a curious monument of antiquity, and was once the chapel belonging to a monastery. Of the latter all trace has disappeared. Near the church was the "priest's house," and out came two young boys, probably the priest's sons, with the keys of the church. The interior of the building was small; quaint and curious rather than beautiful. Over the altar were some closed pictures, and the boys swung back the shutters on hinges that seemed ready to fall to pieces, and disclosed old and hideous daubs all out of drawing and perspective, impossible faces and extraordinary contortions, which the youths proudly exhibited as priceless treasures. A pulpit black with age was in the middle of the church, and dark ancient pews were amongst the interesting relics of antiquity. A small opening led into what must once have been a sacristy, with an old stone that no doubt held holy water in the days of the monks, whilst a railed partition up a narrow quaintly carved staircase might have secluded nuns at their devotions. In this little place, only a few feet square, one could stand and go back centures in imagination, to an age when men chanted their matins and their vespers, held their feasts and their fasts, and measured time not by events but by the rolling hours, with only their little quips and cranks, small quibbles and jealousies amongst themselves, to vary the endless monotony of their existence: "the world forgetting, by the world forgot."

It is a quiet and desolate enough place now; then it must have been the very embodiment of a living tomb—a death in life. And, for that matter, the monasteries of to-day, buried in those far-off solitudes, amidst the eternal silence of dark, gloomy forests or lonely mountain heights, are no better. It is all a living death. Go, for instance, to the monastery of La Chartreuse. Watch a monk creep out of his cell with stealthy tread, and disappear down the long cloisters until the far-off gloom hides him from view, whilst he goes on his way, it may be, to perform some penance. See them all gliding out of their cells at midnight, a long, solemn, silent, mysterious, cowled procession, each carrying a lantern which obscures yet more the surrounding darkness, and lights faintly their footsteps only—footsteps that make no sound in the long, cold, stone corridors, and find no echo in the distant arches. Watch them gliding into the dark chapel, each taking his seat and placing before him his lantern—all done as silently as if they were hooded ghosts. Listen to the melancholy chant of the midnight mass, which sounds more like a requiem for the dead than the prayers and praises that should animate the living; and see what a mistake it all seems, what a waste of life, what a gloomy, incomprehensible state of things: as I have said, what a death in life!

In a little gallery at the west end of the church at Throndenaes there was a small organ that looked as old as the building itself. We went up and inspected its jet-black keys, struggled through the loft and struggled out again, and finally left the church. The boys locked the door, and went off triumphantly with a half-krohn apiece, which, however, they examined critically and commercially before they tore away to their home. We continued our walk, and by-and-by came to the little inn close to the sea-shore, where we took refuge from the rain that now began to fall, and waited for the re-appearance of the steamer. It was a quaint and interesting little place, and the man and woman of the inn seemed anxious that we should make ourselves comfortable and at home. They showed us over their kitchen, brought us biscuits and Norwegian beer, made coffee for the ladies, and talked and chattered just as if we could understand what they said, whilst the boatmen in an adjoining room emptied their bottles, and looked the picture of contented happiness.

WINTER.

WITH a roar like the sea the north wind broke
In a flurry of snow, and his icy breath
The leafless limbs of the forest shook,
And the pale moon looked like the face of death.

Ice on the brook, and frost on the eaves,
And a drear gray sky this Sunday morn,
And the rustle of crisp and crumpled leaves
From the shivering shade trees rudely torn.

Late sleepers toss in their cooling beds,
And closer the heavy quilts are rolled;
The children cover their curly heads,
And whisper together, "Oh, how cold!"

It was only yesterday, as it were,
We shaded away the sun's hot blaze;
We panted for breath in the stifling air,
And longed for the cold autumnal days.

They come too cold, and they come too soon,
And we're no more pleased when our wish is had
Than we were when the sultry summer noon
With its heat intense drove us almost mad.

"I Have Come to Life, And Am So Thankful."

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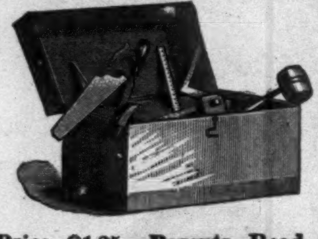

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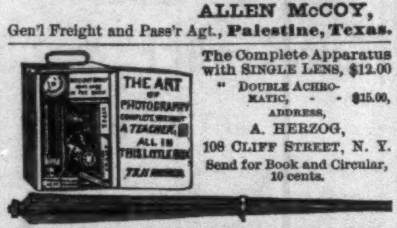

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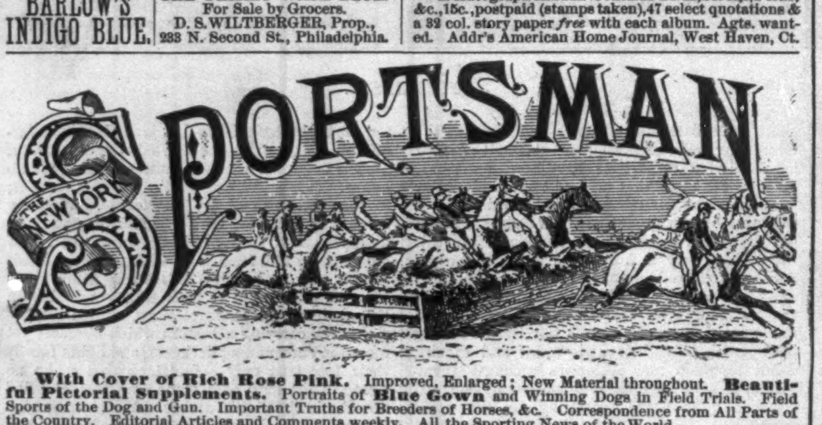

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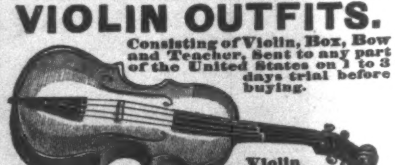

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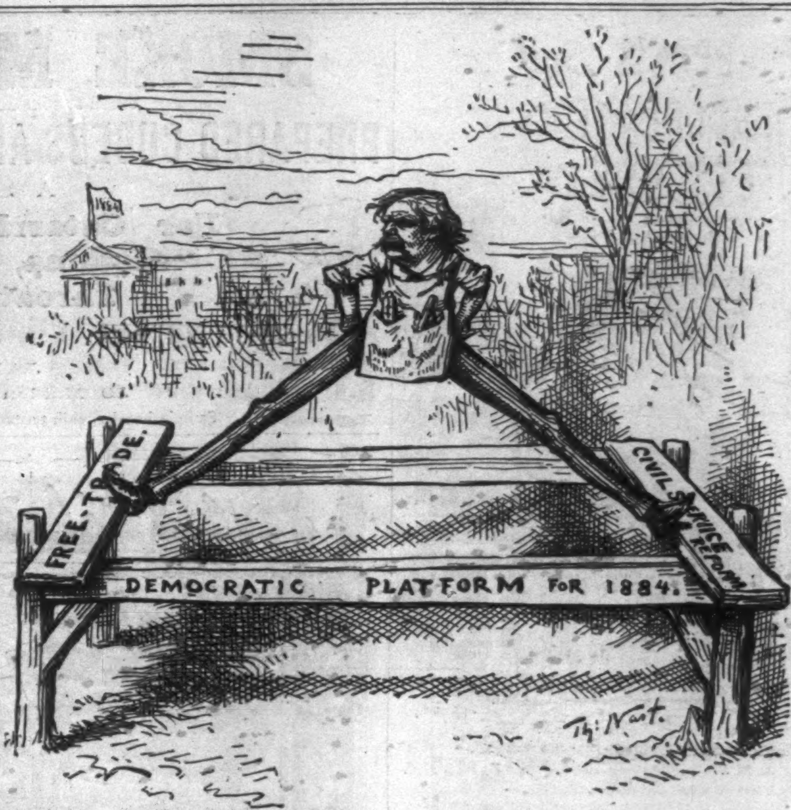
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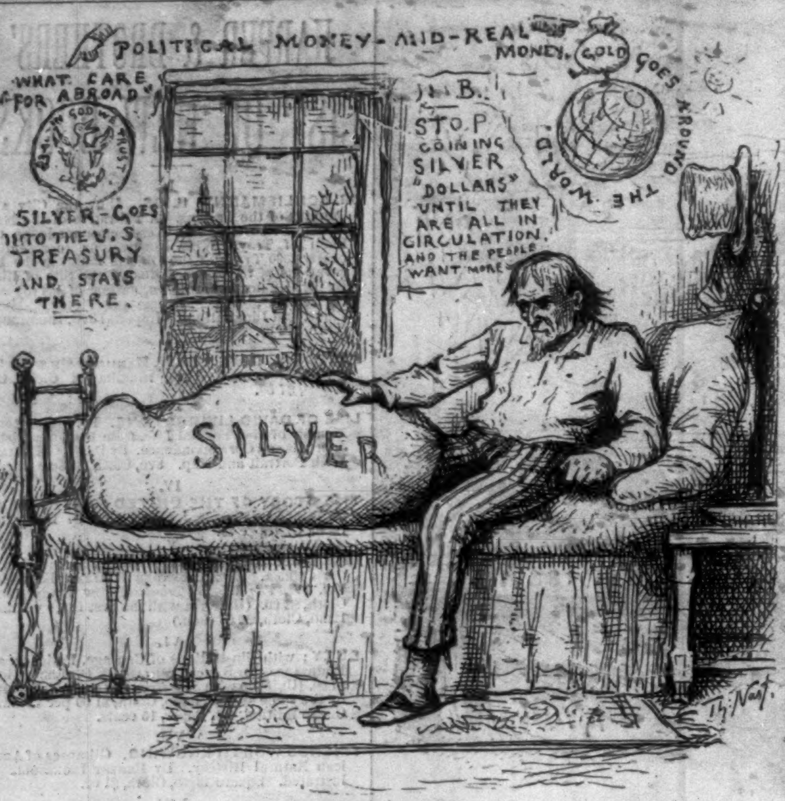
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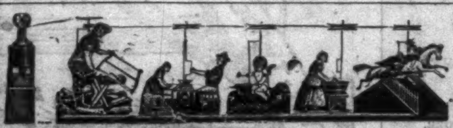

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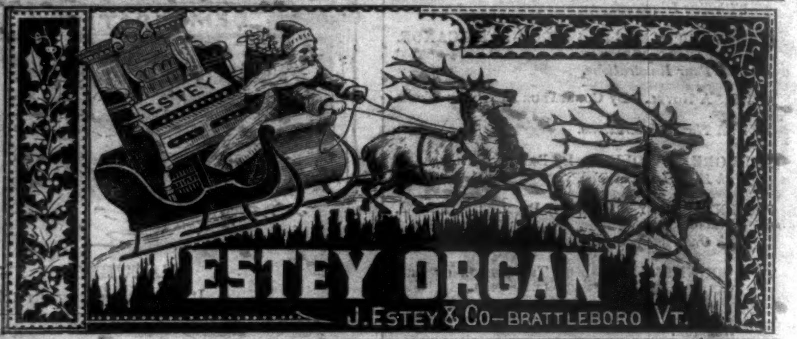

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